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MARCH 2020

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## FROM THE EDITORS

FITNESS science delivered some great news in recent years. Turns out short bursts of intense exertion (as short as 20 seconds, repeated a few times) do amazing things for the health of your body—as kickass in many ways as taking a long, sweaty run.

That means you can increase your heart health, burn body fat, upgrade your endurance, and literally add years to your life with workouts like sprinting, speed-climbing stairs, swimming full-out, or pedaling fast—and you don't have to set aside 90 minutes of your day.

Over and over this past decade, health studies reached the same basic conclusion: move more, sit less. And just a little movement can go a long way.

Simply replacing a few sedentary minutes with minutes of motion, fast or slow, confers benefits. No need to go full Rocky Balboa in *Rocky IV,* training for his match with Ivan Drago. No need, that is, to hoist rocks and do inverted crunches in a stable loft soundtracked by that very bad, very eighties song "Hearts on Fire."

The research is in on getting away from your screens, and getting outside. A walk in a park, a hill climb, a hike, yardwork—these things improve both physical and mental well-being. And spring is here. The days are warmer and longer. A perfect time to hit the outdoors.

In this issue, we dive into the world of health and fitness, looking at diets that work, ways of introducing short, high-intensity exercise into your life, podcasts to provide inspiration, and exercise and wellness trends more bogus than legit.

We meet a top chef, Marcel Vigneron, who cooks tasty, healthy food and also loves to get out into nature, where he does his best thinking.

And there's lots more. We're thrilled to present our gorgeous March and April Pets, Meaghan Stanfill and Violet Summers, and some exciting news about the most scandalous, sex-filled, and ambitious movie ever made, *Caligula*.

So say hello to spring, get out there and move, and enjoy the issue!

**–The Penthouse Editors**
editor@penthouse.com

PHOTO: GURYANOV ANDREY / SHUTTERSTOCK

# FUCK IT

HUF

MARCH / APRIL 2020

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MARCH 2020 PET
MEAGHAN STANFILL

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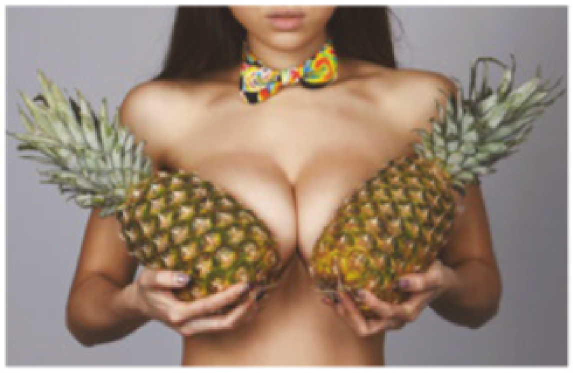

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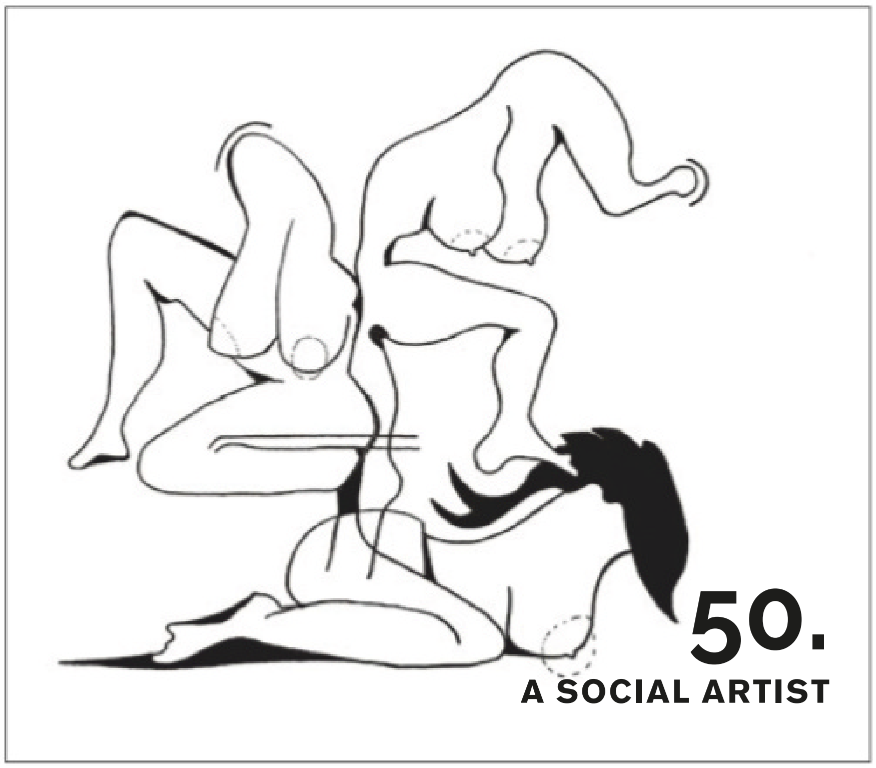

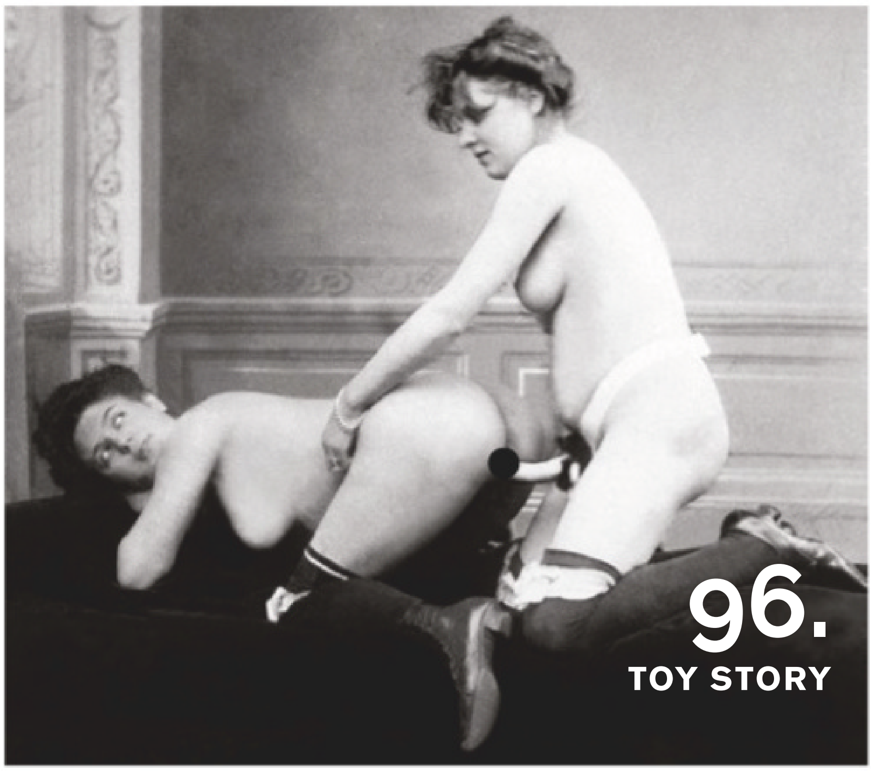

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# ELEVATE

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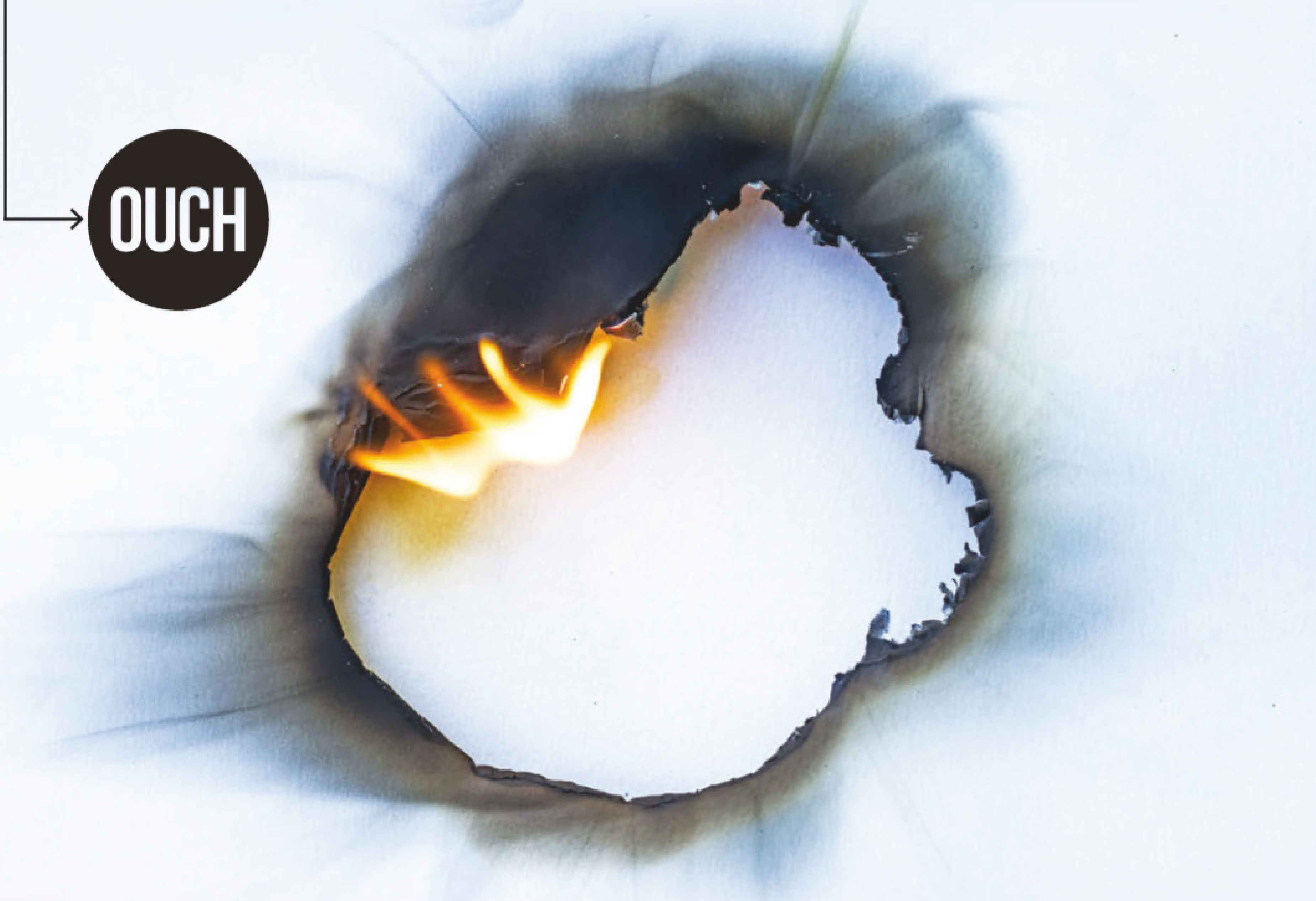


## SUNNING WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE

IF SOMEONE TOLD YOU to jump off a bridge, would you do it? What about if they told you to give your asshole some sun?

There's a new "wellness" trend called "perineum sunning," which involves pulling your ankles back over your head and letting sunbeams shoot straight into your asshole. It's like the universe's biggest flashlight illuminating the world's tiniest cave.

According to a prominent Instagram asshole-sunner who goes by the name Metaphysical Meagan, the perineum is called "The Gate of Life and Death" in Taoism. We didn't even bother to check whether that's true—the very idea is funny enough.

"My experience with perineum sunning has been profound," Meagan enthuses. "I would highly recommend this to anyone who is seeking optimal health and wellness and to those looking to connect with their sexual energy in a balanced way. [It's] more energizing than slamming cups of coffee."

Solar-anal influencer Troy Casey writes, "[Thirty] seconds of direct sunlight injection to the anal orifice is equivalent to being outside in the sun all day!"

Doctors, however, say all these sunny assholes are full of shit.

"There's zero evidence that there's any merit in sunning the skin between your anus and genitals," scoffs San Francisco-based dermatologist Caren Campbell.

San Diego dermatologist Tess Mauricio says there's no anus on Earth large enough to make it beneficial to sun your asshole rather than your face.

"The skin on your perineum and perianal area is so small," the doctor points out, "that you'd be better off creating more vitamin D by exposing your face to sunlight than holding a very awkward pose exposing your genitals and anus."

Actor Josh Brolin took one stab at perineum sunning and wound up howling in pain:

"My pucker hole is crazy burned and I was going to spend the day shopping with my family and instead I'm icing and using aloe and burn creams because of the severity of the pain. I don't know who the fuck thought of this stupid shit but fuck you nonetheless."

Not only should you not be an asshole, you shouldn't sun yours. If you choose to do so even after reading this, you deserve exactly what you get.

PHOTOS: GUMENYUK DMITRIY; TANJA_G; ANDRII ZASTROZHNOV / SHUTTERSTOCK

## CUNTCAKES FOR TWO, PLEASE

THERE'S A SEINFELD EPISODE where George Costanza finds a way to combine his two greatest pleasures—sex and eating—at the same time. But his plot's foiled when his partner realizes he's secretly taking bites of a mustard-slathered pastrami sandwich while going down on her.

Genital-shaped pastries may be a way to combine these dual pleasures without such deception and heartache. Genitals are made to be put in mouths. So are dessert treats.

In response to this burgeoning nationwide demand for phallic- or vulva-shaped pastries, erotic bakeries are sprouting up across this great land like penis-shaped mushrooms.

According to NPR, a Boston-based bakery called Sweet-N-Nasty "specializes in confections shaped like boobs, butts, and vaginas, as well as an alarming array of penises."

Waialua Bakery in Hawaii churns out an endless array of "vagina cakes, boob cakes, [and] butt cakes." And Tucson's Shot in the Dark Café? They offer "cockcakes" and "cuntcakes," which always sell out quickly, and, interestingly, are mostly purchased by women.

In these increasingly sensitive times, though, one must tread lightly even when endorsing the bawdy, playful idea of a "cuntcake."

Actress Debra Messing found this out the hard way when she innocently posted a picture of vagina-themed cupcakes and then ended up apologizing to the transgender community for ignoring the idea that "there are innumerable beautiful, unique, and powerful women who don't have a vagina."

Does everything have to be political these days? Can't someone enjoy an X-rated cupcake in peace?

## VAGINA MUSEUM OPENS WIDE

WERE YOU AWARE there's a penis museum in Iceland that houses over 200 real-life specimens of animal shlongs?

We weren't, either. (In fact, we aren't even sure we wanted to know that.)

Not to be outdone, the world's first vagina museum recently spread open its doors in London. According to founder Florence Schechter, "I discovered there was a penis museum in Iceland but no vagina equivalent, and that seemed unfair."

Unfair, indeed. Wherever there are more penises than vaginas, there will be injustice of some kind. Over the course of two years, Schechter diligently collected over 1,000 donations totaling about $65K, enabling her to open her tiny two-room museum in a former warehouse in London's Camden Market.

The museum seeks to educate people about the human vadge's basic workings as well as promote transparency and candor when it comes to addressing the very topic of vaginas.

"It is so important for individuals to be able to openly discuss their anatomy and feel there is no stigma or shame associated with it," says museum curator Sarah Creed. "My hope is that this marks the start of a change of mind-set and gets those conversations started. Saying 'vagina' should be like saying 'nose' or 'eyes' or 'mouth.' It's just another part of the body."

Yeah, but men aren't willing to kill one another over noses or mouths.

The museum's first exhibition is called "Muff Busters: Vagina Myths and How to Fight Them." There's also a giant tampon that's half-covered in red glitter that they call a "glampon." And the museum sells vagina-themed jewelry as well as other snatch-related trinkets.

The biggest problem with this museum? NO VAGINAS.

Sure, the women who work there probably have them, but there are no actual vaginas on display. The penis museum is jammed with penises.

We can find any of this sex-positive, vaginal-self-esteem-boosting jibbity-jabber for free on some blog. A vagina museum without vaginas? That's just false advertising.

## TASTIN’ RIGHT DOWN THERE

EVERY WOMAN, if she’s honest with herself, wants her vagina to taste nice. Only trouble? How does she make this happen?

First, heed the age-old saying, “You are what you eat.” If you eat garbage, ladies, your crotch will end up smelling like Oscar the Grouch’s grundle. You don’t want your sweet spot to taste like an ocean wharf spattered with seagull droppings. Expose your partner to that, and say goodbye to any chance of a long-lasting romance. People don’t forget being exposed to a bad taste or smell. EVER.

Second, you need to know the importance of a vagina’s pH scale. The scale runs from zero to 14, with zero to seven considered “acidic,” and eight to 14 considered “basic.” You want to eat foods and drink beverages that keep your vagina down in the acidic range, because acid keeps odor-causing infections at bay.

Third thing you’ll need to do is avoid extremely spicy and pungent foods. Strong spices are quickly secreted through sweat and genital fluids, so if you don’t want your pussy to taste like a garlic-laden hoagie, lay off the spices, especially right before lovemaking. It’s also wise to avoid cigarettes, alcohol, and caffeine, if possible.

Finally, to give your little honeycomb just the right blend of sweet, tart, and tangy, eat a lot of fresh fruits—especially pineapple. Consume whole grains and vegetables. Yogurt is fantastic for maintaining a desirable vaginal pH. Oh, and drink as much water as you can to keep things fresh and flushed-out.

## SEX SO GOOD IT KILLS YOU

SEX HAS A TREMENDOUS EFFECT on the human brain, or else we humans wouldn’t be thinking about it all the time.

Positive effects include the fact that, during sex, the brain gets flooded with the pleasure hormone dopamine and the cuddle hormone oxytocin.

One study found that women who had a lot of sex found it easier to recall abstract words, which may explain why so many men find librarians to be so sexy. Several studies have also found that exposure to semen can lower depression levels in women.

But what if the sex is so intense that it causes temporary memory loss–or even a fatal stroke?

“Transient global amnesia” is a sudden, short-lived neurological impairment in which someone may have trouble recalling either old memories or new information. They may feel disoriented and ask the same question repeatedly. It usually comes in a single episode and resolves itself within a day.

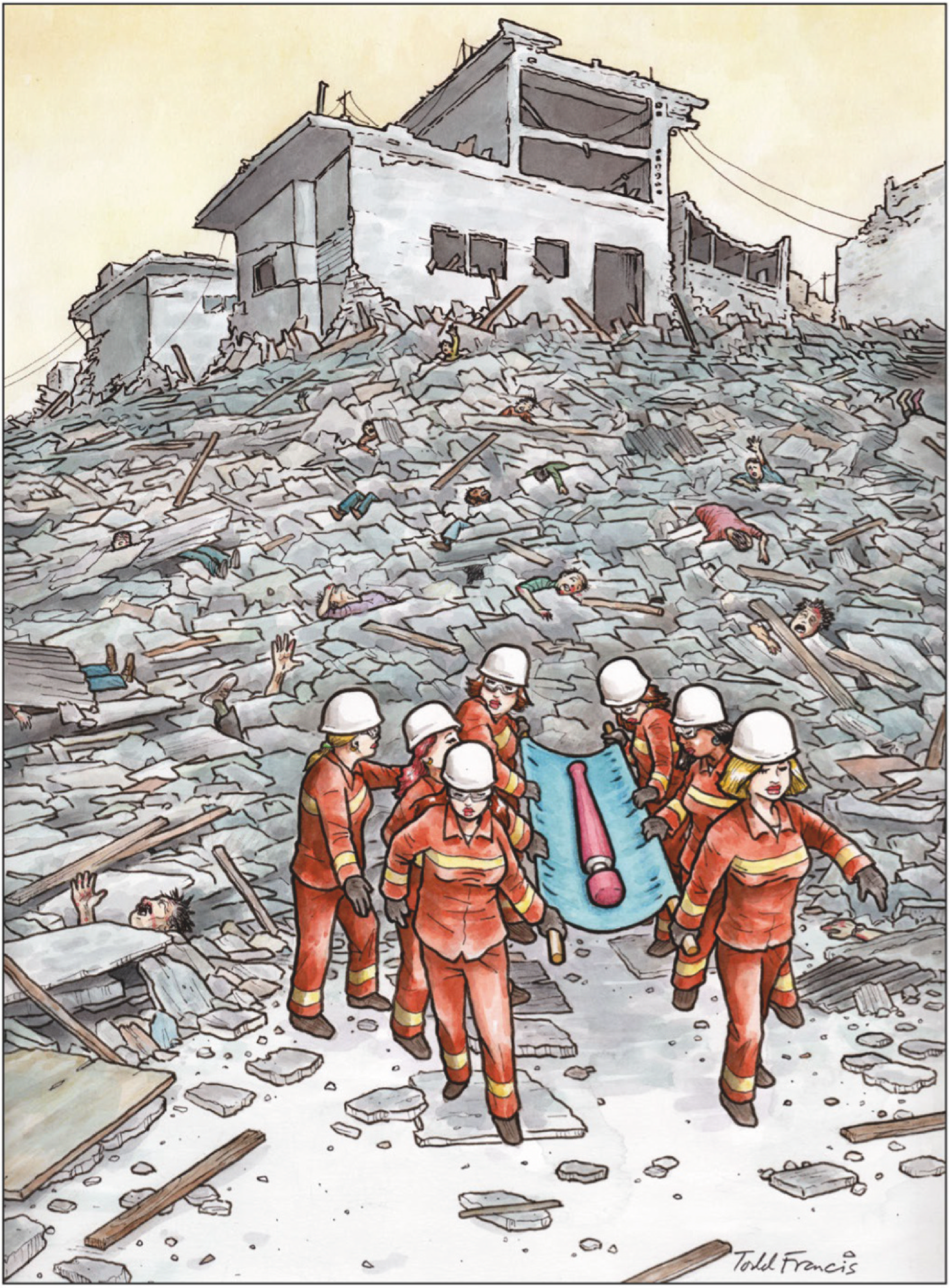
A global study of transient global amnesia found that sex was the direct trigger in a third of the cases. There have been several documented cases of people, most of them 50 and older, who suffered from transient global amnesia after a particularly vigorous round of rutting.

But memory loss is one thing. What about something way worse?

Roughly two in every 100 adults, almost always without their knowledge, has an unruptured brain aneurysm. One study concluded that intense physical activity such as sexual intercourse–at least, if you know how to do it right–makes it up to 15 times more likely that an aneurysm will burst, causing a stroke at the very least, and quite possibly death.

Interestingly, the same study found that a ruptured aneurysm is much more likely to lead to death when one is cheating on their partner, which implies that cheating is more exciting than being faithful–as well as deadlier. But we already knew that.

PHOTOS: KOPYTIN GEORGY; MOPIC / SHUTTERSTOCK


Todd Francis

## NO MORE BABY-DADDY WORRIES?

JUST AS THE POSSIBILITY of heart failure takes the pleasure out of eating cheeseburgers, the prospect of unintentionally spawning a critter can suck all the pleasure out of sex.

We need birth control. Births clearly need to be controlled.

As of today, the only nonsurgical birth control available to men—besides masturbation and abstinence—is the lowly, despised condom. Rubbers, alas, rob the poor male of the slick, sensual pleasure that female lubrication provides. (Ladies, imagine eating your favorite meal with a latex shield strapped to your tongue.)

But now comes news from India that clinical trials have been successfully completed for what one physician is calling "the world's first male contraceptive." The science should be pretty solid since researchers have been working on this project since the early freakin' eighties.

The product is called RISUG—"Reversible Inhibition of Sperm Under Guidance." A polymer gel is injected into the man's vas deferens, essentially blocking the release of mature sperm during ejaculation. Its effects are easily reversed by another shot that breaks down the gel and lets the wild sperm roam free once more.

RISUG is scheduled for release in the U.K. by mid-2020.

The only commonly reported side effect of the sperm blocker is "mild scrotal enlargement," but we'd rather endure that than be a party to "severe abdominal enlargement" because of some one-night stand.

## BEWARE THE ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH

WITH SO MANY WONDROUSLY designed hi-tech gizmos available for women to pleasure themselves with–we're talking drone-controlled holographic vibrators with enough power to light a small city–it seems odd and a bit tragic that some women are resorting to electric toothbrushes in order to paddle their Love Boat to Pleasure Island.

Is a powerful orgasm worth mangling your clitoris over? Not according to U.K. gynecologist Anne Henderson, who says that women using electric toothbrushes for sexual pleasure is an "interesting new trend," but a dangerous one:

"The structure and shape of the toothbrush, regardless of which part is used, could potentially injure, lacerate, or cause trauma to the delicate vulval area, particularly the clitoris, especially if one of the more aggressive cleaning heads is used…. The whole issue is fraught with potential complications and should be avoided at all costs."

Still, this doesn't stop certain hyper-horny folks from posting potentially dangerous how-tos online, such as "DIY Project: Electric Toothbrush Vibrator Attachment–The Ultimate Sex Toy for Masturbation!"

Think of it this way: Your body is a mighty oak tree. Your clitoris is a wee acorn. Using an electric toothbrush on your clit is like using a chainsaw to massage an acorn. Don't do it.

## WHOLE LOT OF FAKIN' GOING ON

PEOPLE FAKE A LOT OF THINGS—sincerity, social status, religious beliefs. But to fake an orgasm seems the most insulting of all. It is a uniquely patronizing and condescending sort of dishonesty that implies your partner is sexually retarded, and you'd rather humor them than help them get better. You also wind up shortchanging yourself—in the interest of not breaking their heart, you relinquish one of life's greatest pleasures.

Why would anyone want to destroy the sacred honesty and intimacy of sex with a mock climax?

Turns out there are many reasons. Temple University's Department of Psychology went to the trouble of researching this subject, and the most startling statistic their study revealed is that 64 percent of people say they've pretended to hit the ecstasy finish line.

So much carnal deception!

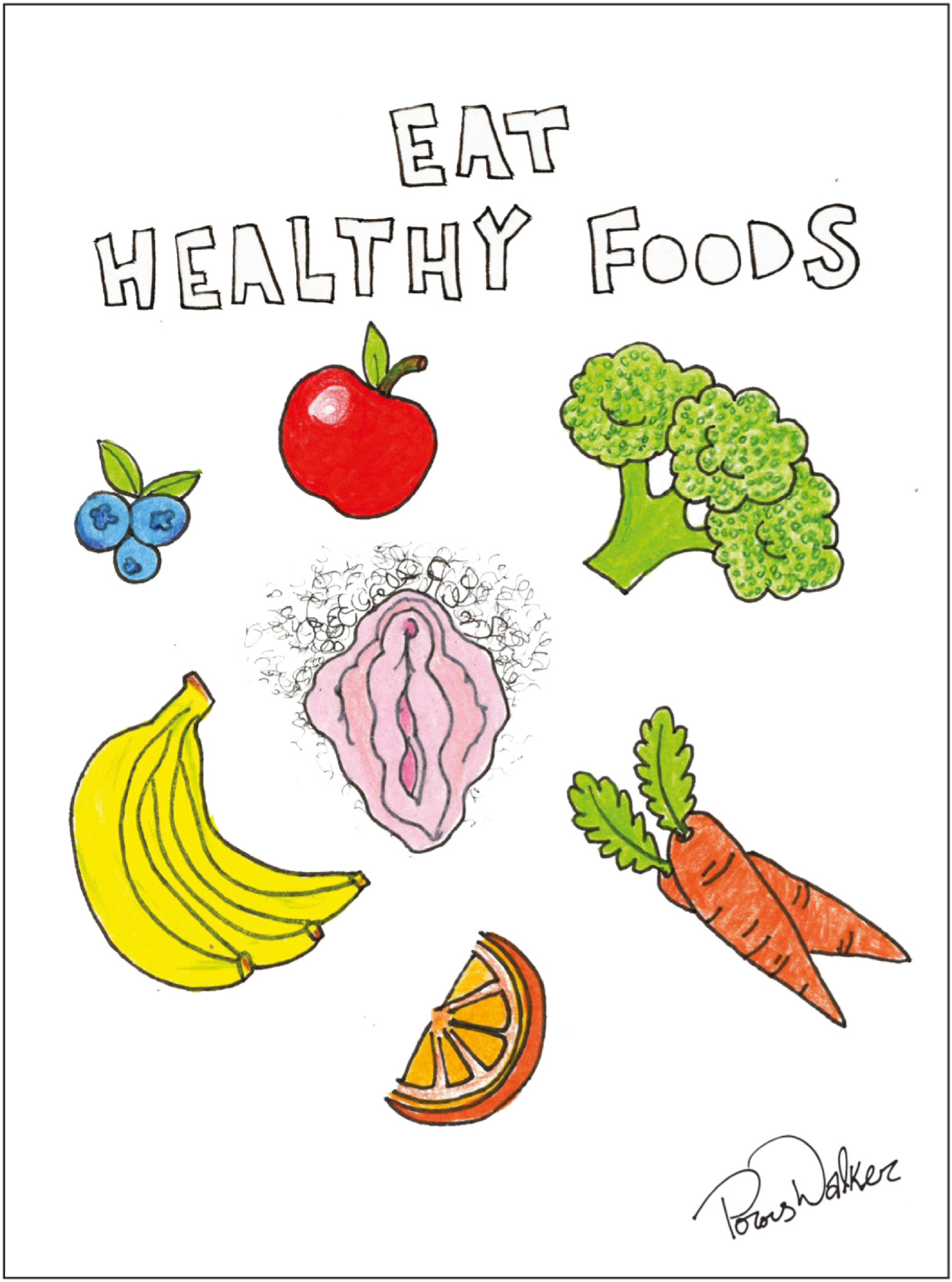
Meanwhile in Australia, Peter Jonason, a psychology professor at Western Sydney University, surveyed 650 volunteers about why they feigned climax, and came up with the top five reasons:

1. To provide positive feedback to one's partner about how great they are in bed, despite the fact that they suck.
2. Because they were bored and desperate to get it over with.
3. To make sex more exciting both for their partner and themselves.
4. To avoid the misery of a traumatic, weepy, postcoital discussion highlighting the fact that their partner is so sexually inept, they failed to deliver the O.
5. To deceive a partner into believing they are sexually satisfied, when in reality they're having an affair.

Another good reason to fake it is if your partner shelled out big money to get you great seats at a hot Broadway show. Or if, you know, it's enough already and you just wanna get some sleep.

PHOTOS: STOCKWERK; WALLENROCK; ILLUTRATION: STUDIOSTOKS / SHUTTERSTOCK

## EAT HEALTHY FOODS *By Porous Walker*


EAT
HEALTHY FOODS
PorousWalker

# ASHTON AVENUE

**FOLLOW @ASHTON00AVENUE**

FOR Aussie model Ashton Avenue, life is all about pushing beyond your comfort zone. The 21-year-old tells us her most exhilarating shoot was when she was photographed covered in snakes. “It was a memorable one because I was nervous and the photographer was absolutely terrified of snakes. We both pushed ourselves that day!”

When it comes to sharing the fruits of her photo shoots, online censorship has Ashton treading carefully. “The human body is beautiful and something that should be celebrated,” she says. “Nudity should not be taboo.”

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY EMMA SALMON**
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# HACK AND SLASH

## *CYBERPUNK 2077*

**CD PROJEKT RED (PS4, XBOX ONE, PC)**

IF this game's neon-lit vision of the near-future pans out, the next 50 years will see California transform into a statewide megalopolis populated with cybernetic street fighters, corporate hackers, and the digital ghost of a guitar-wielding Keanu Reeves.

That last part will almost certainly come to pass, yet *Cyberpunk 2077* isn't supposed to offer prophetic visions of a technocratic tomorrow. This first-person adventure is based on a tabletop role-playing game, brought to life by the makers of *The Witcher* series of swords-and-sorcery-and-sex epics. Fans of those games will find all the hallmarks: incredible attention to detail, unlimited side hustles, graphic violence, and hookup opportunities outside the realm of heteronormativity.

You play as V, a nobody in an endless urban sprawl dominated by megacorporations. Mercenary work is the easiest way to make a living in this cruel world, so you immediately set about improving your stock-in-trade with cybernetic implants. Want telephoto vision? The ability to Spider-Man up walls? Video-streaming straight to your optic nerve? There's an enhancement for that.

Street-level battles are bloody and brutal, thanks to ammunition that pierces bone and bounces off walls. Stick a targeting computer in your skull to ricochet the perfect kill shot. Or you could hone hacking skills and bilk bitcoins from cyberspace access terminals scattered across the cityscape. Within you'll find another realm of firewalls and hidden security systems that'll melt your gray matter if you're not prepared.

The game's world—called Night City—is open for full exploration from the get-go, and you can cross long distances by jacking cars or motorcycles à la a futuristic *Grand Theft Auto.* Players may opt for gender fluidity in both their character and choice of between-quest liaisons, whatever gets them off. Every interaction factors into your journey, from extreme poverty to your own keycard to the executive washroom. Keanu Reeves's character—a bionic rocker wielding an electric guitar—offers advice along the way, a familiar face in the neo-future.

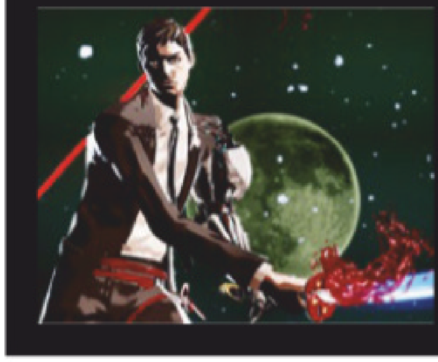
### CYBER WARFARE: FOUR CLASSICS THAT AUGMENTED OUR REALITY

> 4 <

#### *KILLER IS DEAD*

**(MARVELOUS USA, XBOX 360, PS3)**

Wielding a bulging bionic piledriver for your left arm and a katana in your right hand, you slice, smash, and blast your way through hordes of similarly biomechanically augmented foes in this stylish 2013 brawler from Grasshopper Manufacture. A special "gigolo mode" lets you cyber with vixens you meet throughout the story, meaning you'll score points as a lover as well as a fighter.



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#### *SYNDICATE*

**(ELECTRONIC ARTS, XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

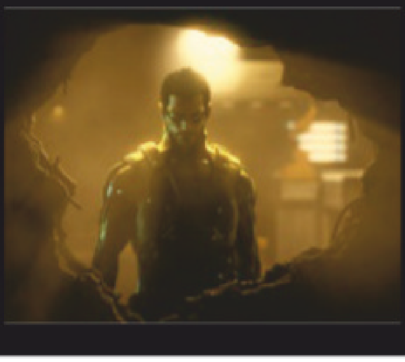
You can't climb the corporate ladder in this 2012 update to a classic PC strategy game without using your head. More specifically, a chip in your noggin augments your senses and lets you assume control of enemy corporate drones. The four-player cooperative mode is the real fun here, focusing on action and tactics. Building corporate synergy with online colleagues is really the best way to play.

> 2 <

#### *DEUS EX: HUMAN REVOLUTION*

**(SQUARE ENIX, XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

Play as a customizable cybernetic hero who can accomplish missions in a multitude of ways in this 2011 adventure famous for its *Blade Runner*-meets-the-Renaissance aesthetic. Will you go robo-Rambo and run-and-gun? Take the silent-but-violent approach? Or hack your way through each mission's cyber-defenses? Your choice affects the overall story so that few players share the same experience.



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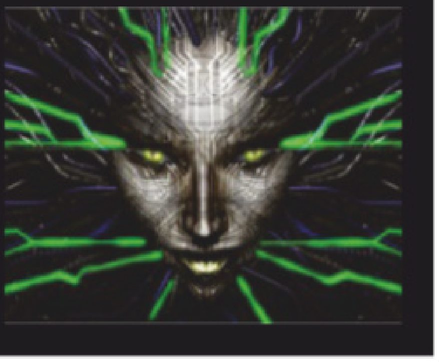
#### *SYSTEM SHOCK 2*

**(ELECTRONIC ARTS, PC)**

Evil megacorporations, "cyber-module" enhancements, digital ghosts—this 1999 PC first-person adventure set the mood for all cyberpunk games to follow. Play as a bionic soldier awakened from cryosleep on an interstellar spaceship caught between two dueling artificial intelligences. Every battle offers an opportunity to upgrade your wetware by scanning and researching the innards of fallen foes.



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*“Marcel’s Quantum Kitchen”*
*Episode 2, 2011 (Syfy channel)*

PHOTO: ISABELLA VOSMIKOVA / NBCU PHOTO BANK / GETTY IMAGES

# CELEBRITY CHEF MARCEL VIGNERON

*Good eating and healthy living—you get both with this kitchen maestro.*

BEST known for his appearances on *Top Chef, The Next Iron Chef: Redemption, Iron Chef America, Guy's Grocery Games,* and other cooking shows, L.A.-based celebrity chef Marcel Vigneron, 39, took on a new challenge this year–feeding the musicians at the massive two-weekend Coachella Music Festival in early April.

This big gig came on the heels of his November marriage to entrepreneur and stylist Lauren Rae Levy, owner of the styling and consulting agency LRL Group.

A lover of the outdoors raised on Bainbridge Island, Washington, Vigneron has recently seen another major change in his life to go with his new role as a husband. Last year he decided to close his two popular Melrose Avenue restaurants, including the acclaimed Wolf, to focus on catering and events (yes, we'd say Coachella would qualify as an event).

To clear his head in the decision-making, this ambassador for Adidas TERREX Free Hiker shoes went on long hill walks and did some trail running in the canyons of Los Angeles. A hiker and mountain-biker since his Bainbridge days, Vigneron says he does his best thinking in nature. He also surfs, skateboards, and rock-climbs, often joined by his wife Lauren, who's as passionate about the outdoors as he is.

We love Vigneron's healthy, fresh, innovative approach to food, which uses the insights of molecular gastronomy, a branch of food science, to combine ingredients in a vibrant way. That healthy take on cooking is echoed in his movement-filled lifestyle.

The kitchen maestro has already accomplished a great deal in his career, and you just know he's prepping for a whole lot more. We'd like a table up-front to watch.

*"Top Chef" (Bravo), Season 2*
*Airdate: January 31, 2007*

PHOTO: BRAVO / PHOTOFEST

# *CALIGULA* REDISCOVERED

*Recut and restored, a legendary film returns thanks to a spectacular archival discovery.*

BY THOMAS NEGOVAN

**FOR DECADES, IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE ORIGINAL FOOTAGE FOR THE EPIC 1980 FILM *CALIGULA*—A SEX-FILLED LANDMARK OF INDEPENDENT CINEMA PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND THE PENTHOUSE COMPANY—HAD BEEN DESTROYED. THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF NEARLY 100 HOURS OF RAW MATERIAL LAUNCHES A THRILLING NEW CHAPTER FOR THE FILM. *CALIGULA MMXX* PRODUCER THOMAS NEGOVAN UNWINDS THE TALE OF A 40-YEAR MYSTERY.**

Malcolm McDowell, from a deleted Temple of Jupiter scene

DEPENDING on the predisposition of the source, history remembers Bob Guccione either as an ostentatious creative spirit or a ruthlessly clever businessman–the reality probably lies somewhere in the middle. What's certain is that the *Penthouse* magazine founder loved a challenge, loved exceeding expectations, and lived to push the envelope, weighing in via his publication on charged social and cultural issues, and highlighting the centrality of sex in human life.

A visual artist who painted, drew, and developed his own aesthetic as a photographer, Guccione inevitably turned his eye to Hollywood and moviemaking. His efforts began in the early 1970s, when the Penthouse company helped bankroll the horror film *A Name for Evil* and the counterculture drama *The Dope Lawyer,* while also partnering with Paramount Pictures to assist in financing *The Longest Yard, The Day of the Locust,* and *Chinatown.*

Meanwhile, producer Franco Rossellini and author Gore Vidal had begun collaborating on a film about the notorious Roman emperor Caligula, envisioned as a scathing commentary on power and corruption. Their quest for financing led them to Guccione, who saw in the political, brutal, and sexually charged subject matter an opportunity to make a truly revolutionary film.

Under his supervision, Guccione believed that *Caligula* could deliver a progressive cultural statement to a larger audience than was possible with a men's magazine. His vision was bold and ambitious, and he was willing to invest heavily to pull off such a momentous undertaking.

"I promised to make a new kind of motion picture, one so innovative in its magnitude that it would fundamentally change the viewing habits of the theatergoing public," Guccione said in promotional audio accompanying the movie's release. He added, "If experiencing something that no one has ever felt before is as important to you as it is to me, I recommend that you see and experience *Caligula.*"

With a massive budget and starring four of England's most respected actors (Malcolm McDowell, Helen Mirren, Peter O'Toole, and Sir John Gielgud), *Caligula* was Guccione's attempt to fuse the scope and star power of a grand Hollywood historical drama with the excitement and audacity of pornographic film and the innovative sensibility of European art cinema.

Evaluated purely from a conceptual standpoint, the film can be said to faithfully combine these elements. The creative result is less easily defended. Following an issue-plagued production, both Vidal and its Italian director, Tinto Brass, sued to remove their names from the film, and star Malcolm McDowell was publicly recommending that viewers skip the movie altogether. Audiences ignored his advice, and all the scandal only served to sell more tickets.

Released in America in February of 1980, *Caligula* was a box-office hit, but the reviews were universally brutal. Unfazed, Guccione delighted in the fact that, according to his calculations, by September, *Caligula* had earned a dazzling profit of $89 million from domestic and international sales.

Between the lawsuits and the production vitriol, it was public knowledge that the version shown in theaters strayed significantly from the visions of both Vidal and Brass. For this reason, cinephiles for years have dreamed of a better *Caligula*. The notion of a more artful and authoritative cut of the movie became a kind of mythical beast, with some fans carefully comparing releases from different countries and assessing edits through study of mere seconds of variant material, fueled by romantic notions based on behind-the-scenes photos of gorgeous, lost moments.

Guccione pushed conversations about the raw footage away as he proceeded into other arenas, and with each administrative regime change at Penthouse, knowledge of what had become of the materials diminished. The

*Caligula and his wife (McDowell and Mirren) preside over an orgy on the imperial pleasure barge*

*Penthouse Pet Lori Wagner as Agrippina, Caligula's sister, in the Temple of Isis*

Mirren, McDowell, and director Tinto Brass

McDowell goofing on set

Helen Mirren as Caesonia, wife of Caligula

film world reasonably assumed the original footage never left Rome and had been destroyed long ago.

■■■

TO UNDERSTAND the mystery surrounding the raw elements of *Caligula,* we have to return to the volatile end of its contentious production.

Shortly after filming was completed, Brass was shocked to find the locks changed at the studio and his editing bed outside in the snow. Meanwhile, Guccione secretly shot footage of Penthouse Pets engaging in hard-core sex in order to finish the film according to his vision.

Guccione had been sneaking the raw negatives out of Italy from mid-production onward, suggesting his plan to commandeer the film was long-gestating. Unlike in America, the Italian film industry prioritizes the rights of the director as a film's "creator," and Brass was successful in receiving an injunction against Guccione's plan to complete the film without his input.

But by the time Brass won his victory in the Italian courts, all of the negatives had been moved to England. Guccione quickly turned to the British courts, who decided in Guccione's favor, stating that any materials would not be returned to Italy until the settlement of any appeals.

After this temporary win, Guccione's associates began relocating the negatives in an attempt to stay ahead of any seizure. (One of the first things I noticed when opening the film cans was that they were all recycled from earlier movies, with many of them bearing a confusing handwritten label of "My Son, My Son." I learned later that this was deceptive coding meant to discourage any examination during transport.)

The legends surrounding the move of the original film materials ranged from Guccione claiming to have carried them all in suitcases (physically impossible) to the negatives being smuggled out of Italy wrapped around the legs of trusted couriers (even more impossible). The truth was far more mundane: Through a combination of palm-greasing and sleight-of-hand, the footage was spirited from England to New York City. Penthouse then reached a legal resolution with Franco Rossellini's Italian production company, allowing Guccione to complete the film.

The 96 hours of raw footage, the location sound tapes, and other production material eventually made their way to Los Angeles, where for decades they sat in a film-storage facility gathering dust.

The timing of their rescue was nothing short of a miracle—credit for saving the cache goes to Ranjit Sandhu, the academic behind Caligula.org, who tipped off German researcher Alexander Tuschinski in 2018 to where the materials were stored. Tuschinski in turn notified Penthouse, whose new administration were shocked to learn the materials still existed. When the storage facility was contacted, it emerged that the entire collection was literally days away from permanent destruction for unpaid bills. If not for this eleventh-hour exchange, the *Caligula* footage would have been lost forever.

When the archives were opened, beneath the dust we discovered that the original camera negatives and location sound were in pristine condition, miraculously untouched by time.

■■■

WHILE promoting *Caligula* during a 1980 *Penthouse* magazine interview, Guccione joked that Tinto Brass had shot enough footage to "make the original version of *Ben-Hur* about 50 times over."

This prodigious collection of archival material contains countless goosebump moments. The most exciting aspect? In the rescued footage, McDowell and Mirren deliver breathtaking performances no one has seen for 40 years. Enabled by the unearthing of the original materials, and guided by the narrative of Vidal's original shooting script and the vision of Tinto Brass, the recut *Caligula* can be viewed as the discovery of an entirely lost film starring two of the world's most celebrated actors.

One unforgettable moment involves a scene in the Roman Senate. It exists in the original release, but what is most powerful happens after Guccione's edit ends. The camera slowly pans up to Mirren as Caesonia, watching her emperor-husband unleash pandemonium upon the Senate. Caesonia looks on, pleased; she releases a coy giggle. As the scene continues, her mood shifts: with a glint in her eye she raises her chin dramatically, surveying the melee below like a satisfied goddess of chaos.

I hope you'll be watching next autumn when this moment—and many more like it—are presented in *Caligula MMXX.*

*Thomas Negovan is an L.A.-based author and archivist tasked with the new edit of "Caligula" and preserving the rediscovered footage. Learn more about the 40th anniversary release of "Caligula" at caligulammxx.com.*

# THE GREAT MORAL STAIN OF AMERICA'S WAR CRIME PARDONS

*In late 2019, President Trump pardoned three American servicemembers for war crimes committed overseas. Here's why that actually harms the military.*

### BY MATT GALLAGHER

THIS past November, President Trump issued pardons for two convicted war criminals, Major Mathew Golsteyn and First Lieutenant Clint Lorance, and reversed the demotion of another, Navy SEAL Chief Petty Officer Eddie Gallagher (of no relation to this here scribe).

Made in the midst of impeachment buildup, the decision caused a firestorm in the military and in veterans' communities—proponents saw it as evidence that the president was honoring his recurring pledge to "love our military." Detractors argued that it was an act of political opportunism, one that both attacked the military justice system and normalized the abnormal for a citizenry largely removed from the realities of modern war.

Why yes, dear reader, I am one of those detractors.

The theme of this March-April issue is "Health." Because I'm a contrarian pain in the ass, I saw this as an opportunity to explore the unhealthy nature of these recent presidential pardons. Our republic is unwell, and these pardons do not help.

No one was more responsible for these three servicemembers' cases getting the attention of the president than Pete Hegseth, an Iraq war veteran and weekend *Fox & Friends* host best known for talking to average joes in diners.

Before washing up on the shores of Fox News Island, Hegseth fronted a Koch brothers-funded veterans' organization and advocated for the privatization of VA health care. Through those connections and a mutual distaste for normal D.C. operations, Hegseth gained the president's ear. When the nonprofit military justice advocacy group United American Patriots approached Hegseth with their cases, it was only a matter of time before Hegseth in turn brought them to the White House.

During the slow, often public march toward the pardons, Hegseth hosted the spouses of the war criminals on *Fox & Friends* and made the case

PHOTO: GWOEII / SHUTTERSTOCK

that, “The benefit of the doubt should go to the guys pulling the trigger.” Which is a compelling argument, at least in a vacuum, as anyone who’s operated in the messy grays of combat is inclined to grant. I sure am.

Except, well, almost no one involved in these situations actually pulled a fucking trigger, Hegseth. There’s little messy gray involved in these cases, but a whole lot of black and white. Let’s tackle these pardons and their corresponding details one at a time, shall we?

**Lieutenant Lorance:** On day three as a platoon leader in combat, this former military policeman gave soldiers under his command the order to shoot at three local men on a motorcycle.

After initially balking and missing the men (perhaps on purpose), the soldiers followed the order. Two of the three Afghans were killed. Lorance subsequently issued a false report about the incident. Nine members of his platoon testified against him at his court-martial, and his company commander, Patrick Swanson, recently said, “The tragedy is that people will hail him as a hero, and he is not a hero. He ordered those murders. He lied about them.” Did Hegseth call this guy “a hero” on Fox News? You know it!

**THESE WERE NOT QUICK DECISIONS MADE IN THE FOG OF WAR. EVERY SINGLE ONE OCCURRED IN A SPACE WHERE THESE SOLDIERS COULD HAVE THOUGHT THROUGH WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND HOW TO REACT.**

**Chief Petty Officer Gallagher:** Where to begin? Gallagher had a long, distinguished career in the SEALs, and was decorated for valor multiple times. On his eighth deployment in 2017, during the aftermath of an airstrike in Mosul, Gallagher allegedly executed a wounded teenage ISIS fighter with his knife.

This was the culmination of a series of episodes involving Gallagher and excessive force—some in his platoon later testified to messing with the scope of his rifle so he’d stop shooting innocents. Regardless, Gallagher and others then posed with the dead body of the teen fighter for a trophy photograph. After another SEAL changed his testimony deep in the trial, claiming that he had been the one who’d actually killed the ISIS teen, Gallagher was found not guilty of premeditated murder and attempted murder. (The other SEAL had, of course, already been granted immunity by the prosecution. The code runs deep in the spec ops community.) Gallagher was convicted of posing with the body (hard to walk back that evidence) and initially stripped of his SEAL trident—until President Trump ordered it returned, over the objections of his own Navy Secretary, Richard Spencer, who resigned in protest.

**Major Golsteyn:** As a Green Beret in Afghanistan during a 2010 deployment, Golsteyn allegedly helped cover up the execution of an alleged Taliban bomb maker and/or executed the bomb maker himself after a direct engagement.

He and others then returned to the village that night to dig up and burn the bomb maker’s body. The story only surfaced later, after Golsteyn mentioned it in a polygraph administered by the CIA during a job interview. Though Golsteyn would make different claims about what happened to the bomb maker and how, he was investigated twice and eventually charged with premeditated murder. His trial had been scheduled for December 2019.

It bears repeating: These were not quick decisions made in the fog of war. Every single one occurred in a space where these soldiers could have thought through what was happening and how to react.

We’re 19 years into these everlong wars. A vast, vast majority of American servicemembers who’ve gone abroad to fight them have held the line in near-impossible situations. There’s absolutely been cases where confusion has led to tragedy. There’s absolutely been cases where soldiers were forced to choose between a bad choice and a worse choice, and it’s led to collateral damage and dead and wounded soldiers. There’s absolutely been a whole lot of moral and ethical dilemmas that offer much in the way of complexity, and little in the way of clarity. Such is war. These sorts of wars, especially.

These aren’t that, though.

These pardons do a disservice to everyone who held that line, or attempted to. They impugn every soldier and Marine who exhibited courageous restraint in moments of great confusion and hazard, often to their own detriment, because that’s what duty meant in the moment.

And now these three pardoned war criminals—Lorance, in particular—are public figures. They’ve campaigned for President Trump at fundraisers. They go on Fox News and hold court like they’re modern-day Spartan soldiers or something. It’s a fucking disgrace. And it’s not over. That advocacy group United American Patriots is now making noise about seeking a pardon for Robert Bales, the staff sergeant who straight-up slaughtered a family of Afghan civilians in cold blood in 2012.

I know we live in the upside-down these days, but this is too much. Yes, they’re hard, yes, they’re often confusing, but the rules of engagement matter. Escalation of force matters. It’s what separates us from the enemy. It’s what separates us from barbarism. They’re part of what makes the American servicemember special.

Or used to, at least.

*Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including the novel “Empire City,” out this month from Atria/Simon & Schuster.*

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# LOSING NIKKI

*When it comes to mental health, we've made progress. But there's more to do.*

BY CAMILLE TODARO

NIKKI Shriver and I met while working at a Daytona Beach strip club in 2009.

I was dancing my way through my bachelor's degree and Nikki, like a lot of people, was searching for a more financially comfortable life that didn't come at the cost of the 9-to-5 grind.

Every weekend we shared the stage, gyrating in the neon haze before captivated men waving dollar bills. Every night, we followed the same routine when we weren't onstage: walk the floor in our heels, pick a table, take a seat, shake hands, and bat our lashes. Find something in common with the client and build on it. Close the sale.

Sometimes a fight would break out among dancers in the dressing room. Fights tended to be triggered by accusations of someone stealing money or doing "extras" for patrons. Management would lock the dressing room's door and let us go at it. They believed we needed to "get it out of our system," like some deranged version of *Bad Girls Club* meets Cage Wars.

After a scrap, a dancer would straighten up, pat some foundation on her bruised nose, and return to the floor like nothing had happened. The worst thing I ever did was throw a Heineken bottle at a dancer when I found out she'd been fucking clients in the VIP room. We were all wild back then. It could be a pretty rough club.

> **I USED TO WONDER IF NIKKI WOULD BE GONE ONE DAY, OR IF IN A COUPLE OF YEARS SHE'D STILL BE DANCING AT THE CLUB, IN HER KNEE SOCKS AND BOW.**

But I never saw Nikki participating in any of the fights or wildness. She seemed to glide above this stuff.

When we'd sit at the same table, dishing out charm to get a lap dance, I'd watch mesmerized as the light hit her face just right, bouncing off her sapphire eyeshadow. She had blue eyes and brown hair, stood just a little over five feet tall, and had a quiet personality to go with her unimposing physical frame—she was different from the rowdy, more boisterous dancers. Most nights at the club, she dressed in blue lingerie and knee socks, her long hair swept to one side of her face, often pinned with a girlish bow.

As Nikki moved through the club, sometimes a look would come onto her face that I could decipher, since I was familiar with the feelings behind it, as were other dancers. It was a look saying, "I might be working at this club now, and there's a reason for it, but I won't be here forever."

That said, some of the dancers had been taking that stage for a while. It was the kind

PHOTO: FORAS05 / SHUTTERSTOCK

of club where you could get stuck. I was working there to graduate college debt-free, and had plans to move to Dallas and see if I could put my English degree to work. I used to wonder if Nikki would be gone one day, too, on to another city or a different life, or if in a couple of years she'd still be dancing at the club, in her knee socks and bow.

* * *

A DECADE passed. Eventually I did get to Dallas, after time in Jacksonville and Hilton Head, South Carolina. And then one evening last June, while stuck in Texas traffic, a notification popped up on my phone. It was a direct message from a dancer I knew from the Daytona club. A group of us from those days had been close at the time, but over the years we'd drifted apart. However, we stayed connected on Facebook, where we watched each other's lives play out in photos and timeline updates.

It had been several years since I'd last spoken to Nikki, but I was familiar with the basic arc of her life from her posts. She was a single mother with three adorable young daughters, and still lived in the general Daytona area.

The message on my phone contained a link, which took me to Nikki's timeline. A Facebook Live video shot in the dead of night on June 5 shook me to my core.

Nikki stood alone in a murky frame, with an orange glow of what looked like flames visible through a narrow doorway behind her. Her once-long hair had been chopped off, replaced by an unkempt bob. She didn't say anything but she was panting, almost hyperventilating, and the sound of her voice had a desperate quality.

Wherever she was had a low ceiling, and cramped dimensions. There were pillows on what looked like a bench to her left, and crockery on a shelf. As I stared, Nikki raised what looked like a blowtorch... no, a gun. A rifle of some sort. Then she turned around, walked to the narrow, partly curtained doorway, and passed through it, into the flaming space beyond.

The video kept going. The fire grew stronger beyond the doorway, and there were sounds of crackling flames and soft whooshes as things ignited. The doorway curtain caught fire, sparks flew, and then smoke began obscuring any view at all, even the glow of flames.

People seeing the video's live broadcast posted urgent responses. *I'm trying to get you help. What's burning? Hey, what's going on? Yikes, girl. This is scary. Are you okay?*

The screen was almost black now as thick smoke filled the space where the smartphone had been propped. Suddenly there were sharp popping sounds, like firecrackers. The video had been recording for more than four minutes. And then came the worst of it.

Nikki began screaming. The muffled wails lasted a full 15 seconds, rising above the popping sounds in the flaming space beyond the doorway. And then abruptly the video stopped.

My head was spinning. I could barely breathe. I wasn't sure exactly what had taken place, but knew it was very bad. What I'd seen felt like a horror movie. Except this was real.

*Did Nikki just kill herself?* That was one of the thoughts I had.

* * *

WE SHOULD have known something like this might be coming.

The previous June, Nikki had gone missing for four days. Around 4:30 A.M. on a Friday, her 1997 Toyota pickup had gotten stuck in the Tiger Bay Wildlife Management Area, a vast wooded wetland near Daytona Beach. She called 911 in need of assistance, and during that hourlong call talked frantically and confusedly to the dispatcher. It was obvious she wasn't mentally well.

Nikki told the dispatcher she'd been exploring the forest in her truck. She said her boyfriend had been kidnapped by "outlaws," and that she could see spirits when someone was about to die. When police got to the location, they found a tan pickup stuck in mud, but no Nikki.

Four days later, around dawn Tuesday morning, Niki walked barefoot out of the woods, a mile from where she'd left the truck. She was muddy and disheveled, but incredibly, she had no serious injuries. Media reports made reference to her "survivalist background" and said she'd "spent time in the woods in the past." Somehow Nikki had managed to take care of herself for 96 hours in a Florida cypress swamp full of alligators and snakes.

She told searchers she'd been hiding because she thought someone bad was looking for her. Police snapped a photo of her seated in the back of a vehicle wrapped in neon yellow rescue garb, mud caking her feet and ankles, face grim.

They took her to a nearby hospital for a mental-health evaluation.

* * *

AND now, in the aftermath of the video she shot on what turned out to be an unmoored sailboat in a Daytona Beach marina, Nikki was again declared a missing person.

It would be five days before authorities found her, dead in the charred boat.

During this time, Florida media referred often to what had happened to Nikki a year earlier, in the Tiger Bay woods. But they also reported on something else that helped make sense of the horrific Facebook Live video, which remained on Nikki's timeline.

The night Nikki shot it, a Daytona Beach woman named Betty Jo Garcia called 911 at 2:15 A.M. to request police action. She wanted them to evict Nikki from the boat.

"My husband's been having an affair with this stripper for a year and a half," Garcia related. "She's been living on my boat for two days now. I was out of town, so I had no idea this woman was on my boat. I want her off my boat. I want to file a restraining order because she keeps calling and blowing up my phone."

Garcia owned the sailboat with her then 51-year-old husband, John. It was Nikki who informed his wife of the affair. Betty Jo feared Nikki would shoot her if she tried to confront Nikki on her own, since there were weapons onboard (a shotgun, a handgun, and an AK-47, along with rounds of ammunition) to which Nikki could apparently gain access.

When police got to the Halifax Harbor Marina, they found the burning sailboat anchored 20 feet from the dock, mooring lines untethered. And they heard what sounded like ammunition exploding on the flaming vessel. Here is where the story takes another hard-to-believe turn.

Neither the Daytona Beach police nor the fire department has a rescue boat at its disposal. They used a P.A. system in an attempt to contact Nikki, and deployed a helicopter and drone, but didn't spot her. As cops stood on the dock watching the boat burn, Betty Jo Garcia showed up and tossed a photograph of her and her husband into the harbor.

* * *

NINE hours later, nearing noon on June 5, police reached the boat, having received marine assistance from the Coast Guard and Florida Fish and Wildlife.

They found the 1979 Morgan Craft sailboat severely damaged, but there was no sign of Nikki.

The Garcias had informed police that Nikki talked of suicide during phone calls she'd placed to them, after John Garcia told her he wanted to end their affair. So for five days, the local news media ran with stories about a "scorned and suicidal woman" (to quote the *Daytona Beach News-Journal*) who'd set a boat on fire and then disappeared.

Finally, police found Nikki, under a large cushion inside the burned sailboat, which had been moved back to its slip. Somehow they'd missed her during the initial search.

An autopsy found soot in her lungs and concluded she died of smoke inhalation.

* * *

IN THE days after Nikki's death had been confirmed, I felt shock, sorrow, and anger.

Her face kept coming into my mind, and memories from our club days. I thought of her three daughters, and Nikki's own mother, who I'd seen in photos. I got angry at the thought of things reaching a state with Nikki's mental health where she urgently needed help to stay alive but it didn't come. I got angry at the thought of her body sitting on that wrecked boat for days. And I got angry at Facebook.

Meanwhile, the video remained on Nikki's timeline. She had a private account, so despite press coverage of the video, only a limited number of people viewed it. Still, it seemed so wrong—obscene, even—that a video made by a desperate, mentally ill woman in the last seconds of her life could be watched.

I flagged the video to Facebook, and received an auto-reply for reports of platform abuse encouraging me to visit the Help Center to learn more.

Nikki's birthday arrived in September. She would have turned 32. People posted messages on her Facebook timeline wishing her a good day in heaven.

The video was still up.

Shortly before Christmas, when I reported the video to Facebook once again and nothing happened, I sent an email to the company's press department. A week later, I got a response with an offer of a phone call.

Although Facebook asked that I keep our conversation off-record, the representative I spoke to explained that the reason the video stayed up was because Nikki did not kill herself on camera—she goes off camera for this. An important distinction in the Facebook algorithm, apparently. But then the rep told me what I wanted to hear: The video had been removed.

* * *

PEOPLE react to loss and tragedy in different ways. After Nikki's death, I searched her timeline for clues that might shed light on her actions. One thing stood out. It was a quote from the author Jeff Brown. The first sentence read: "So many break down because they cannot carry the weight of falsity any longer."

I'm glad Facebook took down the video, but when I think about how long it remained on Nikki's timeline, autoplaying any time you visited her feed, it strikes me how this platform can be so vigilant about things like a nipple slip in a photo, or putting you in purgatory for posting a politically incorrect meme, yet this tragic recording played on a loop for six months.

With some time to gain perspective, I suppose the reason I got so focused on the matter has do with an experience that's probably close to universal when a friend or family member dies in circumstances as dire as Nikki's.

There's a feeling of guilt and a feeling of powerlessness. You wish you could have done something. You wish you could have reached out to the person at the right time. That didn't happen here, and I think my emotions pushed me to focus on something connected to Nikki where I could get some action: the video.

A social media platform like Facebook can keep people connected across time and geography, and that's often a good thing; it can also be a place to express grief and remember someone. Nikki's mom posted loving thoughts about her daughter, and shared how Nikki had struggled with mental illness for a long time, and how it was so difficult for her to see, as a mother. But as experts have been telling us for a while, social media platforms have also created new stressors in people's lives, and can deepen, not lessen, that "sense of falsity." Social media invites people to perform a kind of existential Photoshopping on their days and nights, packaging life for likes.

That's not an avenue to authenticity.

* * *

LIKE most people, I've had periods where it's hard to find the light, and it feels like the darkness is winning. Feeling inauthentic can be part of that depressive state. You smile, but feel nothing inside. You laugh, but it's a well-rehearsed chuckle. You're tempted to react to the void with impulse buys, or alcohol, or drugs. It's a scary place to be in.

When it comes to mental-health treatments and our understanding of mental illness, we've come a long way. The range of effective medicines, the sophistication of talk-therapy approaches, the number of treatment facilities—it's a different landscape these days.

Progress has also arrived in terms of destigmatization, and the prevalence and prominence of conversations about depression. In recent years, top sports figures, ranging from NBA center Kevin Love to boxer Oscar de la Hoya to Olympic swimmer Michael Phelps, have been upfront about their struggles.

And yet suicide numbers remain high, and it doesn't matter how successful you are, how much money you have, or how much adoration comes your way.

Think of recent high-profile suicides. Soundgarden singer Chris Cornell. Beloved chef and *Parts Unknown* host Anthony Bourdain. Handbag designer Kate Spade. The list goes on.

The great writer David Foster Wallace, author of *Infinite Jest,* took his own life 12 years ago. He had a loving marriage, a stellar career, and a beautiful home in Claremont, California. It didn't matter. His wife, artist Karen Green, found his body hanging on the patio of their house.

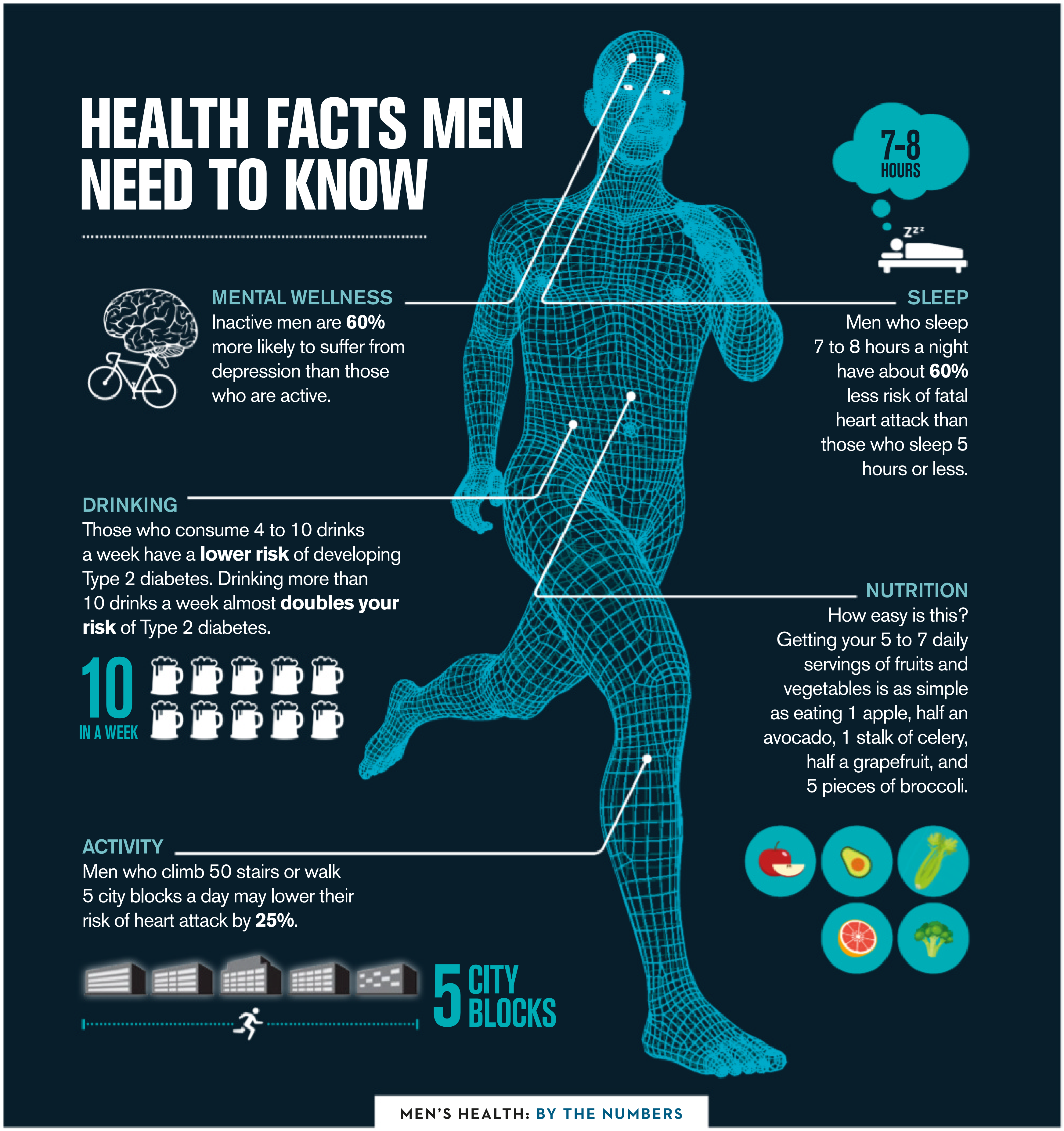
There's more to do. There's more progress to be made.

As Daytona Beach police chief Craig Capri said after Nikki's body was discovered, "In the years to come, it's only going to get worse unless we come up with a program to get their needs taken care of. That's my biggest fear."

But with luck, over time, this kind of speaking out by people in positions like Capri's will help bring about more positive change.

*Camille Todaro is a Dallas-based writer and author of the erotic fiction novel "Kept." You can follow her at @camille_writes*

# HEALTH FACTS MEN NEED TO KNOW



**MENTAL WELLNESS**
Inactive men are **60%** more likely to suffer from depression than those who are active.

**SLEEP**
Men who sleep 7 to 8 hours a night have about **60%** less risk of fatal heart attack than those who sleep 5 hours or less.

**DRINKING**
Those who consume 4 to 10 drinks a week have a **lower risk** of developing Type 2 diabetes. Drinking more than 10 drinks a week almost **doubles your risk** of Type 2 diabetes.

**NUTRITION**
How easy is this? Getting your 5 to 7 daily servings of fruits and vegetables is as simple as eating 1 apple, half an avocado, 1 stalk of celery, half a grapefruit, and 5 pieces of broccoli.

**ACTIVITY**
Men who climb 50 stairs or walk 5 city blocks a day may lower their risk of heart attack by **25%**.

## MEN'S HEALTH: BY THE NUMBERS

**I**

Globally, men live on average **5 years** less than women.

5

**II**

The top 3 reasons for reduced lifespan in men in the U.S. are **heart disease**, **cancer**, and **accidents**.

**III**

Globally, alcohol kills over **75%** more men than women.

**IV**

Only **30%** of a man's overall health is determined by his genetics; **70%** is controllable.

**V**

On average, the last **9 years** of a male's lifespan will be in poor health.

SOURCE: MENS HEALTH FOUNDATION

FEATURE

# THE PERILS AND PRUDERY OF VICTIM FEMINISM

*It's helping no one, this view of women as weaklings, and today's university-powered feminism is doing actual harm, too.*

**BY AMY ALKON**

ILLUSTRATION: CACTUS STUDIO / SHUTTERSTOCK

I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL... FOR MY RIGHTS

**“I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL…FOR MY RIGHTS”**

**U.S. WOMEN ATTAIN VOTING RIGHTS IN 1920**

WOMEN of the WORLD UNITE

**WOMEN’S LIBERATION MOVEMENT, 1970**

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE
BETTY FRIEDAN

**BETTY FRIEDAN’S 1963 BOOK WAS A LIGHTNING BOLT FOR FRUSTRATED WIVES AND MOTHERS**

**ANDREA DWORKIN, 1988**

**HELEN PLUCKROSE, 2017**

**LAW PROFESSOR KIMBERLÉ CRENSHAW, 2019**

BORA Zivkovic is a Belgrade-born scientist and writer who settled in North Carolina after doing research at NC State. Slightly built, with round wire-rim glasses, poofy graying hair, and a prominent nose, he’s friendly, energetic, and passionate about science and science writing. Photographed from certain angles, he has the look of a cartoon owl.

A man who helped organize the popular ScienceOnline conferences in the Research Triangle near Raleigh, Zivkovic earned the nickname “Blogfather” for his role as editor of the *Scientific American* blogs network. He also served as series editor of a yearly anthology of the best online science writing. Well-known for promoting science journalism, Zivkovic assisted numerous young science bloggers, and took pride in his efforts to encourage and support women interested in writing about science.

One day Zivkovic was having a smoke outside a Manhattan bar with writer and *Scientific American* blogger Hannah Waters. He bought a rose from a street vendor for his wife, who was waiting for them inside. The vendor handed him two.

“What’s that, one for the wife, one for the concubine?” Zivkovic joked to the vendor.

I find that funny. It made Waters uncomfortable. She said nothing at the time, but later, in a 2013 blog post on Medium, she deemed this and similar behavior sexual harassment. The article subhead read: *There wasn’t any touching or overt sex talk. But it was still harassment.*

That same year, two more *Scientific American* bloggers, Monica Byrne and Kathleen Raven, published posts accusing Zivkovic of sexual harassment, citing interactions from previous years they said made them uncomfortable.

But none of Zivkovic’s behavior came close to meeting legal standards for sexual harassment. There was no quid pro quo promise of advancement for a sexual favor, he didn’t issue a threat (such as warning of professional trouble if sex was not granted), and what he did wasn’t “severe and pervasive,” leading to a “hostile work environment.”

In the incident Byrne referenced, she said she’d known Zivkovic for about a month. She invited him to coffee in September of 2012, looking to interest him in her writing. Seated at the cafe with him, *she* mentioned

> **THE MOST POWERFUL THIRD-WAVE STRAND—STILL EXTREMELY INFLUENTIAL TODAY—IS WHAT I CALL “WOMEN AS WEAKLINGS FEMINISM.”**

visiting a strip club. Zivkovic then “began describing his own experience of going to a strip club,” she wrote.

After that, he got personal, talking about sex in his marriage and how he nearly had an affair with a younger woman. Byrne later emailed Zivkovic to tell him she was uncomfortable when the talk turned to sex. He emailed her an apology, and that was that. Or so he thought.

Something worth noting when it comes to Bora Zivkovic: He exhibits symptoms of Asperger’s syndrome, which involves difficulty reading and decoding social cues and understanding appropriate responses. Though he hasn’t been formally diagnosed, his wife and a psychiatrist who knows him, along with many in the science-writing community, have expressed the opinion that he does suffer from it.

Zivkovic has the Aspie’s tendency to laugh at the wrong moments and natter on endlessly about whatever’s on his mind. He doesn’t always seem to sense when his presence is no longer wanted. For example, he and Kathleen Raven were attendees at a science journalism conference in Helsinki, Finland. He’d arrived at the hotel late in the evening and texted, “Can I come by and see you now?” Raven texted back, “No, I’m afraid we have to wait until tomorrow morning. My husband is already in bed, sorry.”

Shortly afterward, there was a knock on their door. Zivkovic said, “Hi!” and marched into the hotel room. Her husband “sat shocked” in their hotel bed, Raven wrote. She added, “Bora grabbed me in an embrace, picked me up, swirled me around, and kissed me on the cheek. After a few minutes of small talk, he left.”

Weird, awkward, and annoying behavior? Sure. But sexual harassment? In some other zeitgeist, no. But in our current moment, many people would say yes, it qualifies.

After the women posted their accounts in 2013, an unfortunate number of those trained in careful, evidence-based thinking—science writers who knew Zivkovic—credulously and without compassion accepted that he was guilty of sexual harassment.

He was pushed out at *Scientific American* and ostracized by the science-blogging community he loved and helped build. In Zivkovic’s terms, he lost everything.

Of course, he’s just one of many men recently deemed guilty without legal or even social due process. What his accusers have in common—and they’re not the only women today to demonstrate this quality—is a festering passivity that can turn poisonous.

Such behavior did not emerge in a vacuum. In fact, it’s a product of twenty-first-century feminism. Feminists have gone from fighting for equal rights to demanding that women be treated like eggshells. Feminism is now a movement that disables women, ruins men’s lives, and destroys professional and romantic relationships between the sexes.

Understanding this is the single-best way for a man to avoid social and professional disaster.

* * *

AMERICAN women had some seriously legit grievances back in the nineteenth century and first part of the twentieth. They were denied voting rights, and once married, they had all the legal and financial autonomy of their husband’s hat or his goat.

Pioneering feminists rose up in the mid-1800s and began a battle that led to women getting the vote in 1920 and gaining greater legal recognition of their personhood.

Second-wave feminism—aka the women’s liberation movement—took off in the sixties and carried onward until the late eighties. But women no longer had a single unifying goal, like getting the vote, and feminism eventually splintered into factions.

There was a well-to-do white-lady feminism, famously embodied by Betty Friedan’s 1963 best-seller *The Feminine Mystique,* a socio-ballad of frustration capturing the existence of the cocktails-and-tranquilizers set: middle-class and wealthy housewives, bored and dissatisfied by traditional marriage, homemaking, and child-rearing.

Black women—already busy being ignored for leadership positions in the civil rights movement—were not happy that Friedan claimed to speak for a sweeping feminism yet excluded their experiences and interests. This led them to form their own feminist faction in the sixties and seventies. Latin women and other female minority groups did the same.

The 1960s also saw that mass uncrossing of women’s legs—the sexual revolution—and before long, up popped some female authoritarians with their sex-panic feminism. The most prominent? Radical feminist Andrea Dworkin, a man-hating neo-prude who insisted that the male sex lived to oppress, degrade, and dehumanize women.

Dworkin saw heterosexual sex as an act of violent aggression perpetrated by a man on a woman. (“Penetration is Violation,” a classic Dworkin-inspired slogan goes.) The purpose of pornography, Dworkin argued, was not to get off but to make women “inferior, subhuman.” (How porn for gay men might do that she never got around to explaining.)

Dworkin characterized women who didn’t share her views as dumb bunnies—basically idiots “colluding in their own oppression.” The argument involved a broad-brush diminishing of women, foreshadowing the infantilization of women by today’s feminists.

The nineties launched a third-wave feminism, a movement still with us. Once again there was factional splintering. However, the most powerful third-wave strand—still extremely influential today—is what I call “women as weaklings feminism.”

It grew out of academic feminist theory—the stuff of women’s studies and gender studies classes. Its intellectual foundation was a convoluted bullshit-

MOMMY AND ME FOREVER

REPLACING RELIGION WITH THE CULT OF “WOKE”

THE GLOBAL VILLAGE, COMPLETE WITH VIRTUAL SALEM WITCH TRIALS

SCREW YOU, SCIENCE!

osophy known as "postmodernism," a body of thought as easy to grasp as a greased goldfish in a bathtub.

In truth, there wasn't that much to accomplish after the European Enlightenment philosophers did their thing, rebutting superstition, embracing reason, and questioning how we know what we know. But in the 1970s, French philosophers tossed science and reason in *la poubelle*—the trash can—and announced there's no real knowable truth. They wanted to out-radical the Enlightenment's revolutionary thinkers. And they came up with a pronounced relativism. They argued, essentially, that whatever someone says is true *is* true—though it's even truer if it comes from an oppressed class.

As pointed out by England's Helen Pluckrose, a literary scholar turned critic of these French-spawned modes of thought, in postmodernism the intention of the speaker—what the speaker *means* to say—"is irrelevant. What matters is the impact of speech," or how the listener *feels* after the communication is made.

Yes, welcome to the origins of "Sexual harassment is whatever we say it is!"

In postmodernism, you can pin a crime of thought, speech, or social behavior on anybody. You simply claim that something a person wrote, spoke, or did made you feel harmed or "unsafe." And once you take offense, you can run with it.

Postmodernism has a race-based intellectual sister—"intersectionality."

In a celebrated 1989 law journal article, African-American law professor and social theorist Kimberlé Crenshaw argued that black women get extra scoops of discrimination. Like white women, they're discriminated against because they are women. But they're also discriminated against on the basis of race.

As Crenshaw explained it, the intersection of these two marginalized identities compounds the discrimination black women experience.

As a legal point, this claim had enormous potential significance. In discrimination suits, taking both sex and race into account could increase the redress received by black female plaintiffs. But Crenshaw additionally called for "expanding feminist theory and anti-racist politics" by "embracing the intersection" of forms of discrimination.

Women's studies and gender studies faculty jumped at this. They turned intersectionality into an identity-politics cudgel—one swung in the direction of white people, especially white men. In a reversal of Martin Luther King Jr.'s call to judge people "by the content of their character," intersectionality became a pissing contest of victimhood and oppression. Under intersectionality, high status is not earned—it's granted through one's group membership. How many boxes can you check on the "marginalized" groups ledger? Lesbian? Black? Missing a limb? You get to talk. White women, shut up and "check your privilege."

Of course, this is a kind of social original sin. You can't control your color or whether you're born with all the usual limbs—you can only control what you do.

For feminist academics, victimhood has become the new hustle, a way to have unearned power over others. They're pushing a viewpoint (ironically, a paternalistic one) that effectively tells the world women cannot make it without coddling and special treatment. It's why contemporary feminist activists feel it's their mission to force men, governments, and businesses to provide for women.

But for this argument to fly, women must be viewed as weak, fragile, and easily victimized. So, like a rehab facility maintaining its patient base by giving away bags of heroin at a table in its parking lot, academic feminism has become a force for female *disempowerment*. It pushes women to identify as victims—an identity formed not by what they've done but by what's been done to them—and to demand not equal rights but special rights, perks, and protections. (Notice us coming full circle, anyone?)

**FOR FEMINIST ACADEMICS, VICTIMHOOD HAS BECOME THE NEW HUSTLE, A WAY TO HAVE UNEARNED POWER OVER OTHERS.**

* * *

THE jihadi feminists of academia have had help spreading their dogma—from phenomena such as overparenting, the decline of religion, and the rise of the internet and social media. Academic feminists' rejection of science has also played a major role.

Helicopter parenting—the perpetual parental hover—took off in the early nineties, galvanized by TV news-driven paranoia that every stranger who said hello in the mall was plotting to kidnap their kid. And now it's given way to "snowplow parenting"—adults clearing every possible obstacle in their child's path—in school, at work, and beyond.

Young people who've grown up having all conflict in their lives magically removed by an authority figure are, as you might guess, proving to be less independent and self-sufficient than previous generations. Yes, in 75 years, we've gone from the Greatest Generation, storming the beach at Normandy, to the Gripey-est Generation, with Mommy calling her grown child's boss to complain on their behalf. Not surprisingly, today's young women are ripe for a feminism acting *in loco parentis.*

Contemporary victim feminism operates like a fundamentalist religion without the God stuff. Women's attraction to it is understandable, given the sharp decline in organized religion in America. Like traditional religions, this kind of feminism offers comfy, pre-chewed black-and-white beliefs—us and them, right and wrong, good and evil.

It also seems to fill a major psychological hole in people. We appear to have an adaptation pushing us to join groups—behavior probably coming out of how there were distinct survival advantages to living cooperatively in ancestral times.

Behavioral scientist Clay Routledge, who studies the evolutionary roots of what motivates us psychologically, theorizes that secular movements now function as a substitute for religious belief. He cites studies finding that "people who score low on commitment to a religious faith" are more likely to turn to "extreme political tribalism."

As for how they'll wave the flag of their allegiance—how they'll signal their tribal affiliation—in lieu of religious worship and church socials, well, there's...social media.

* * *

SOCIAL media platforms are today's stages for communicating a belief system. It can be done quietly by posting a photo of oneself complying with a group dress code—such as when a woman dons a pink pussy hat and circulates the image on Instagram. But it can also be done aggressively by attacking a common enemy online. Within minutes on Twitter, hundreds, thousands, sometimes hundreds of thousands of ideological fellow travelers can be mobilized against a perpetrator of wrongthink.

As a bonus, this virtue signaling—conspicuously displaying your moral righteousness, your commitment to the cause—requires little actual effort or commitment of time. Why get all sweaty marching when you can just tweet?

Welcome to the Age of Endarkenment.

Like many actual religions, victim feminism rejects certain forms of scientific knowledge. Most consequentially, it denies research identifying basic differences between male and female psychology and behavior. Its argument, boiled down, is basically, *Sex differences? That's bro science.* Without evidence, academic feminists insist that differences between men and women are largely (if not entirely) socially constructed. They claim that a "toxic patriarchal culture" determines sex differences in societal outcomes, such as how women tend to be kindergarten teachers and not oil rig workers.

But in reality, research shows men are far likelier to take physical risks—such as working on an offshore oil platform. Findings on sex differences like this are some of the most robust in behavioral science. The fact that these differences show up across cultures (and even in apes and other nonhuman primates) demolishes feminist arguments.

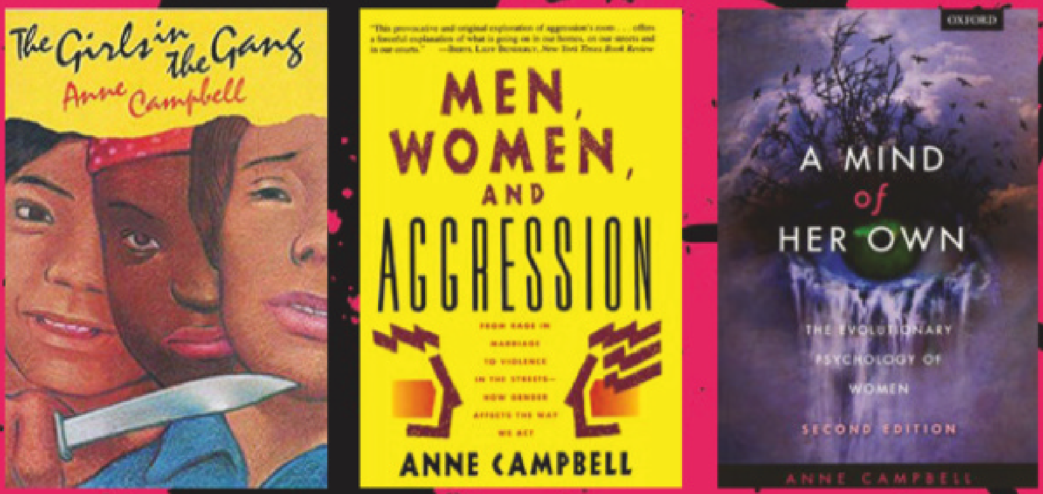
While overall, men and women are more alike than different, the sex differences we do see align with men's and women's differing physiologies. The late psychologist Anne Campbell explained that women seem to have evolved to avoid physical confrontation, which could damage their reproductive parts and leave them unable to fill their role as an infant's primary caregiver.

Campbell believed that female self-protectiveness led to women's tendency to be indirect—using hints and manipulation, instead of assertive speech, to achieve their goals. She likewise believed it was why women score much higher than men in "agreeableness"—a personality trait manifesting in being kind, generous, warm, and motivated to have positive interactions with others.

This is vital information for women. But thanks to feminist academia's dissing of evolutionary research, women who might recognize the need to override their natural inclinations are instead flying blind—hinting and hoping men will suss out what they want and comply. Combined with women's internalizing of feminist notions about their supposed powerlessness, this makes for a toxic stew. It can lead to things like young women, experiencing morning-after sexual regret, deciding they were a victim of rape.

* * *

WE'RE now living under two new norms—a pair of academic-theory-driven expectations for thinking and behavior dictated by our intersectional feminist overlords. Perniciously, these standards are secret. Yet those who don't adhere to them put themselves at risk—of losing their job and being exiled from their social world, as Bora Zivkovic was, or being bullied by countless people on social media.



**PUBLICATIONS FROM THE LATE PSYCHOLOGIST ANNE CAMPBELL**

**ALKON ARGUES THAT CLASSIC MALE PURSUIT, WHICH IS NOT THE SAME AS RAPE, HAS BEEN DEMONIZED**

### Secret standard No. 1:
### *Women Are Children*

Women must now be treated like they're very young. They cannot be expected to assert themselves or tend to their own needs, including their need for personal safety.

For good reason, we don't let 4-year-olds act without supervision. We don't let young children ride their Big Wheel solo to the ice-cream parlor. Instead, we make decisions about what our children need.

But today's academic feminism conveys the idea that *adult women* lack autonomy when interacting with a man on a date, at a party, or over business drinks, and hence it's up to the man to guess what the woman would be comfortable with. It's up to the man to be the parent in the interaction—even with a woman he's just met.

And just as we don't use adult language around children, it's no longer appropriate to use such language around grown women. A University of Utah professor, Nick Wolfinger, discovered this after committing the speech crime of telling female colleagues over drinks that he'd proposed to his wife at a strip club. Mere mention of an adult-entertainment venue led to a complaint filed against him with his employers—*a decade after he told the story*. It cost him five months and $14,000 in attorney's fees to clear himself.

Finally, women, like children, cannot be expected to be personally responsible for their safety. Simply suggesting a woman take steps to prevent sexual assault (like not getting blackout drunk) is now a thought crime. Propose this and you'll be angrily countered by how men "should" behave, which changes how some do behave (rape-ishly) not in the slightest.

### Secret standard No. 2:
### *Men Are Sex Predators —Even In Their Sleep*

A male Amherst College student, drunk off his ass, was accompanied to his room by his girlfriend's female roommate. He passed out. While he was passed out, this female student gave him a blowjob. After her roommate discovered what she'd done and this friend found herself ostracized, she then accused the male student of sexual assault, claiming she withdrew consent at some point during the sexual act. Yes, that's right, she said she withdrew consent for the act *she* was performing on an unconscious man. Since he'd been conked out, he couldn't contest the claim and Amherst expelled him.

When we widen the lens to consider the behavior of (conscious) men and women in the sexual arena, we come up against a reality: Male sexuality is more variety-seeking, while female sexuality, generally speaking, is more commitment-seeking. One is not better than the other. They're just different.

Because women can get pregnant from sex, they evolved to prefer men who are willing and able to "invest" in any children. But under this new "men are sex predators" standard, classic male pursuit—which is not the same as rape—has been demonized.

Men are horny mofos in a way most women are not. They evolved to "spread their seed," not, oh, "save it for that special someone." Truth be told, I suspect Bora Zivkovic would've catapulted himself into bed with any of his three accusers, had they given him the thumbs-up.

Ultimately, I think Zivkovic was a lonely guy hungry for human connection, willing to take whatever these women were willing to give. It's like my dog. If you're offering bacon, she'll eat bacon. If you're offering a dental chew bone, she'll eat that. Whatever you're serving, she's eating.

A cloud of suspicion now hangs over male-female romantic interactions. Men are would-be perps and women are would-be accusers. This has led to "affirmative consent" policies on college campuses (and there's talk of states making it law).

The edicts require that people ask for and receive verbal consent each time they move on to some new form of sexual activity. "May I kiss you? May I rapidly lick your clitoris?" Such protocols fly in the face of how sexual activity works in the real world—with adults sensing what move to make next. Personally, my boyfriend is my boyfriend because, three hours after we met, he walked me to my car, grabbed me, and kissed me.

In eliminating this spontaneity, we lose a good bit of the sexiness of sex, and for women, the feeling of being wildly desired. That's gone when a guy brings in a notary with consent documents for you to sign. That sounds absurd, but it's on the mind of many men, worried that they're one unwise choice of sex partner away from life in prison on a rape charge.

For men right now, the best defense is a good offense.

Take precautions. Don't be alone in an office with a woman with the door closed. Think twice about drinks with female coworkers. And finally, seek women as friends, colleagues, and romantic partners who don't seem to go for the women-as-eggshells feminism.

Real change has to come from women.

There are women—like me—who refuse to buy into the victimthink. We speak out, despite the potential social and career costs. In time, I hope we can persuade other women that academic feminism's denial of innate differences between the sexes is doing harm to women. As anthropologist Jerome Barkow puts it, "Biology is only destiny if we ignore it."

Imagine if women were told that they might have an evolutionary propensity to be "pleasers" and that this is nothing to be ashamed of—it's simply a function of what worked for the females of our species in ancestral times.

If a woman knows she might have a tendency to say yes when she means "Hell, no!" she's prepared to stand up for herself in a way she isn't when guided by empty girl-power talk like "The future is female!" and other such slogans (interspersed with complaints about how the patriarchy is keeping women down).

Unfortunately, feminist activists keep focusing on the wrong people, telling men, "You can't say this," or "You can't do that." We can't control others' behavior—we can only control our own. Until feminism—on campuses and everywhere else—stops being blame-oriented and starts being truly empowerment-focused, the future will not be female. It will be feminism's future—at the expense of all the women it claims to be advocating for and all the men it criminalizes in its wake.

*Amy Alkon is an award-winning columnist and author who specializes in turning the insights of science, especially behavioral science and anthropology, into practical advice. Her latest book is "Unf*ckology: A Field Guide to Living with Guts and Confidence." Check out her podcast, HumanLab, where she interviews experts on human behavior. You can also follow her on Twitter at @amyalkon, and find her columns at advicegoddess.com.*

"DIRTY LITTLE MERMAIDS,"
PENTHOUSE TV

# BOOB TUBE

*From niche channels to sensual soft-core scenes, Penthouse has been dominating erotic broadcasting for longer than you imagined.*

WHEN the first American edition of *Penthouse* magazine debuted in 1969, there were only three TV networks, and the raciest thing on the airwaves was Barbara Eden's harem-girl costume on *I Dream of Jeannie* and the occasional Goldie Hawn dance break on *Laugh-In*.

Forty years later, in 2009, the Penthouse company was big enough—and its brand potent enough—to launch three channels of its own, broadcasting erotic images of beautiful women to set-top boxes across Europe. These were the Continent's first channels of their kind.

Back in the 1970s, the magazine was famous for its sensual, soft-focus photography. Now the evolution to a crisper and more vivid (but just as sexy) look was nearly complete.

"Penthouse saw the future of the HD market," said company COO Anthony Previte at the time. "We're poised to dominate the adult European broadcast market for years to come."

That prediction seems to have come true.

"We caused a small earthquake in the world of TV," says Penthouse Europe director Nathanael Kalfa. "We're very proud to have been pioneers and to have continued to be innovative and set trends. For instance, we were the first to launch 3-D, Live TV, and most recently, 4K."

> **"WE'RE VERY PROUD TO HAVE BEEN PIONEERS AND TO HAVE CONTINUED TO BE INNOVATIVE AND SET TRENDS. FOR INSTANCE, WE WERE THE FIRST TO LAUNCH 3-D, LIVE TV, AND MOST RECENTLY, 4K."**

It makes sense that Penthouse would have established its television foothold in Europe. From its earliest days, the magazine gleefully pushed against the boundaries of the more traditional erotic imagery and sexuality familiar in its American rivals. Its sensibility was kinkier and more open-minded, the poses in its photo shoots were more suggestive and revealing, and reader letters burst with accounts of wild sexual adventures.

Its stylish presentation of kinky content proved irresistible to a bold young readership.

Nathanael Kalfa couldn't help but take notice. "I remember in college I often met students wearing Penthouse T-shirts," he recalls. "It was very trendy at the time. I'd love to see those days return, which is why we've spent a lot of time working on a line of products that are [in sync] with today's trends."

Penthouse TV has expanded and evolved over time. Those three original channels—a soft-core stream, Penthouse

*Continued on page 46*

RILEY STEELE,
"DIRTY LITTLE MERMAIDS"

HD, and a duo broadcasting more hard-core content, Penthouse HD1 and HD2—have become many, each catering to more specialized tastes and needs.

■■■

**PENTHOUSE Gold** and **Penthouse Passion** are probably the closest in spirit to the original Penthouse TV format. Gold offers classic adult content—the best hard-core movies from around the world, all of it guaranteed to meet Penthouse's gold standard for production values and gorgeous talent. Penthouse Passion, meanwhile, offers more couples-friendly entertainment—less explicit films for nights featuring mood-setting and romance.

If you're looking to get right down to business, **Penthouse Quickies** might be more your speed. Think of this one as the difference between taking in an entire NFL game versus watching a highlight reel of the most exciting action. Here you get high-style, dynamic hard-core sex sequences delivered with a minimum of preliminaries.

■■■

**PENTHOUSE Black** bills itself as "the first worldwide channel dedicated to multiethnic and multiracial programming." While its special events and theme nights are created with the African-American audience primarily in mind, its content will appeal to anyone whose tastes extend across the full color spectrum.

Rounding out Penthouse TV's menu are the soft-core channels **Naughty Nights,** where some of the hottest women in the world bring their sexual fantasies to life, and **After Midnight,** with its carefully curated selection of international erotic content—a perfect opportunity to see how well your country's adult entertainers stack up to actresses from around the world.

Kalfa says Penthouse's reputation for high-quality content means its TV arm faces a challenge that other adult broadcasters don't.

"Penthouse is such an iconic brand," he says. "It's known and recognized around the world. When you buy a copy of *Penthouse* magazine or subscribe to Penthouse TV, you're expecting to enter a world with a certain style—it's hard-core, yes, but also very glamorous, very chic."

That means Penthouse TV's content needs to have the same international flair as its sister publication—great-looking women filmed in dazzling locations, and sexuality without lectures. "Pinups without hang-ups," as magazine founder Bob Guccione liked to phrase it.

"Our content is produced all over the world," Kalfa continues. "We film in Miami and Los Angeles. We film in Europe—Prague, Barcelona. We even film in Africa—in Nigeria, in South Africa."

That global outlook is in keeping with Kalfa's long-term mission to reaffirm Penthouse as an international brand.

"We've recently launched a 4K channel that's a big hit with our subscribers," he says, "and we're now working on a mobile app we expect to launch in the coming months. The market has expanded, and we're looking to expand right along with it—it's very important for us to reach the millennial audience as well. We're also excited about the introduction of new over-the-top [OTT] media platforms that will allow us to expand the Penthouse brand into territories where we've previously never had a presence."

If those territories include your own living room, now is a great time to check out what's happening.

Penthouse has spent more than half a century as the global leader in innovative erotic entertainment, and Penthouse TV lives up to its name—Penthouse Pets and the freshest, most diverse new stars in adult, all captured in high-quality high-definition, available whenever you desire.

"Penthouse has always had the unique ability to create, inspire, and innovate," says Kalfa. "That's what's always made the difference."

"SOCCER SLUTS," PENTHOUSE TV

GIANNA DIOR, 2019 PET OF THE YEAR,
"DIRTY LITTLE MERMAIDS"

# GRAB THAT GUN

*From critically acclaimed theater troupes to Hollywood films, artist Josh Meyer (@blowupgun) has serious street cred.*

JOSH Meyer didn't grow up with the goal of making erotic drawings. In fact, the 40-year-old Kansas native has a background in experimental theater.

After meeting collaborator Matt Hislope in a University of Kansas theater production, he and Hislope moved to Austin, Texas, in 2001, where they founded Rubber Repertory. For ten years the duo staged innovative conceptual theater, work that earned them multiple *Austin Chronicle* cover stories, including one issue that showed them naked, wrapped in rope, beside an agility tunnel outfitted with human arms.

Rubber Repertory's productions were sexual, experimental, controversial, and helped "Keep Austin Weird," as the slogan goes. After leaving Austin in 2013 and founding an artist residency in Lawrence, Kansas, Meyer headed to Los Angeles. He landed a few choice roles in *No Country for Old Men, Dope,* and *Suburbicon,* before the hustle started to wear thin.

"Even when your acting career is going really well, it still feels so disempowering," he tells *Penthouse*. "I started making art to feel like I had control over something. Something that felt more tangible. I probably also did it so I could have an identity beyond just being an actor. Pretty sure that one out of every four dating-app profiles in L.A. says, 'No actors,' so it felt good to be able to hide behind something else."

Meyer tells us about the time he was in college, when he had a job working at a radio station for the blind. Every Sunday morning, an "alluring woman" would come in to read, and would describe the latest issue of *Penthouse* for the station's listeners.

"I'm pretty sure they played it as part of the late-night programming," he remembers. "Anyways, 20-year-old me was fascinated by her, but I was way too shy to actually initiate a conversation. I do remember smelling the recording booth after she left, though. She wore the headiest scent."

Meyer's drawings are freaky, oddball depictions of naked bodies in erotic positions. They also have a trippy Ralph Steadman-like quality when he plays with color, which makes the art seem like it was fueled by PCP.

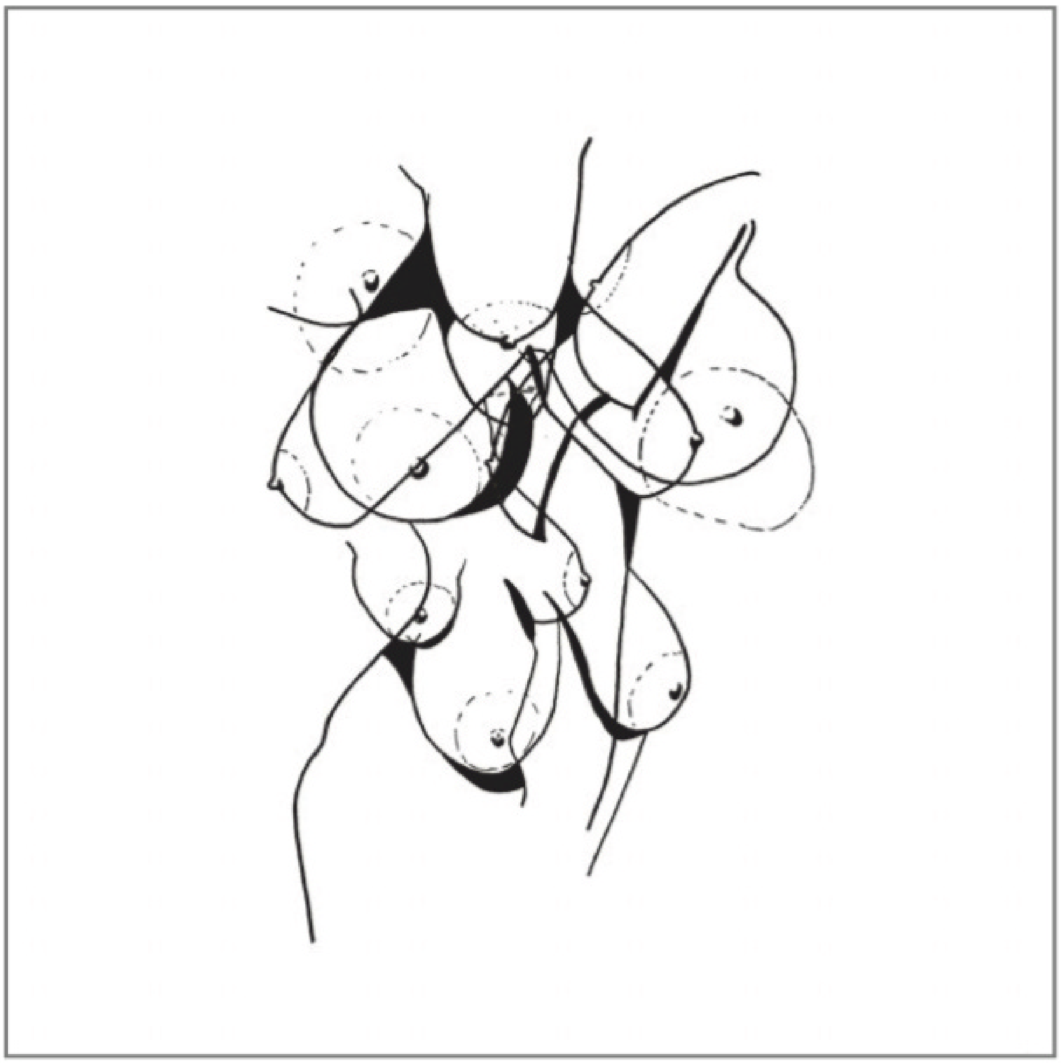
"I like it when the [body's] forms become characters or landscapes," Meyer says. "I like seeing what kinds of strange and kinky stories emerge when body parts from sexual imagery are isolated, layered, and distorted."

Meyer is not a trained artist. He started sketching for fun, so most of his inspiration comes from other experimental theater types, like Taylor Mac, Deborah Hay, Yoko Ono, and Miranda July. However, Instagram has enabled him to develop his art (@blowupgun) and grow a following one hashtag and like at a time.

"If we're getting more into therapy mode, I'm sure part of why I draw erotic art is to signal to the world that I'm a sexual person," he says. "I do sometimes get self-conscious about all the big boobs I'm drawing, so I'll start drawing smaller boobs and maybe even some dicks, but that never lasts very long."

ARTIST PHOTO: PETER KONERKO

@BLOWUPGUN



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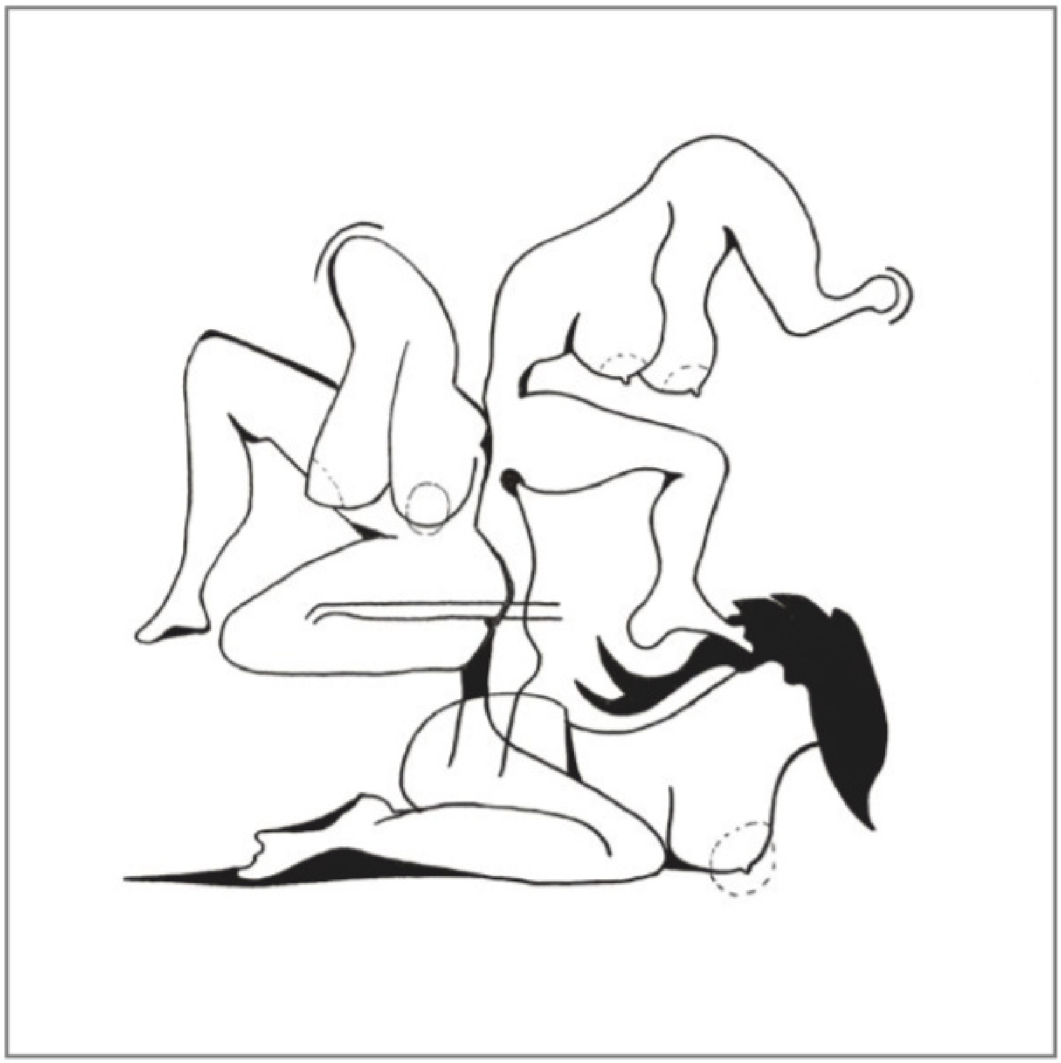
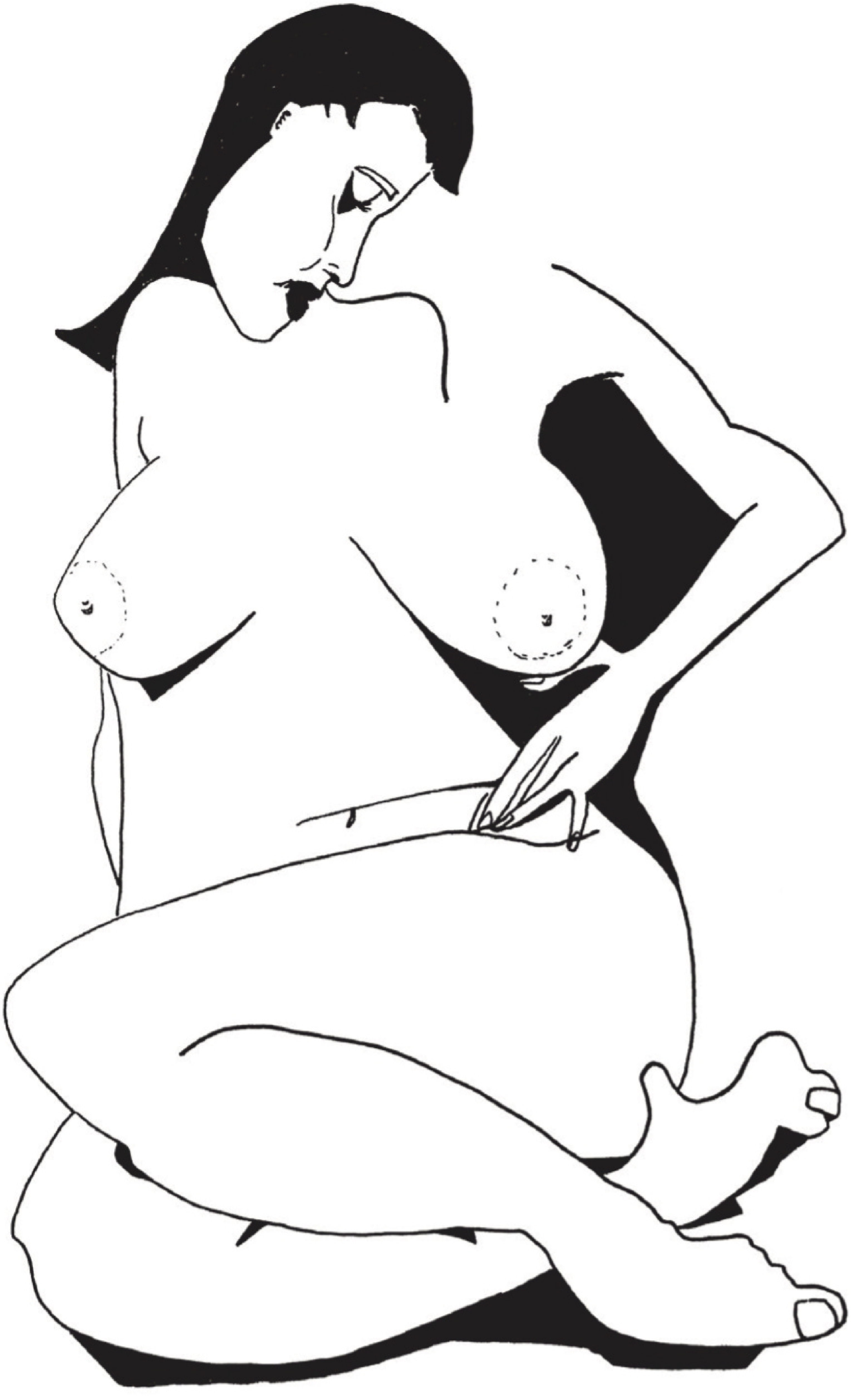
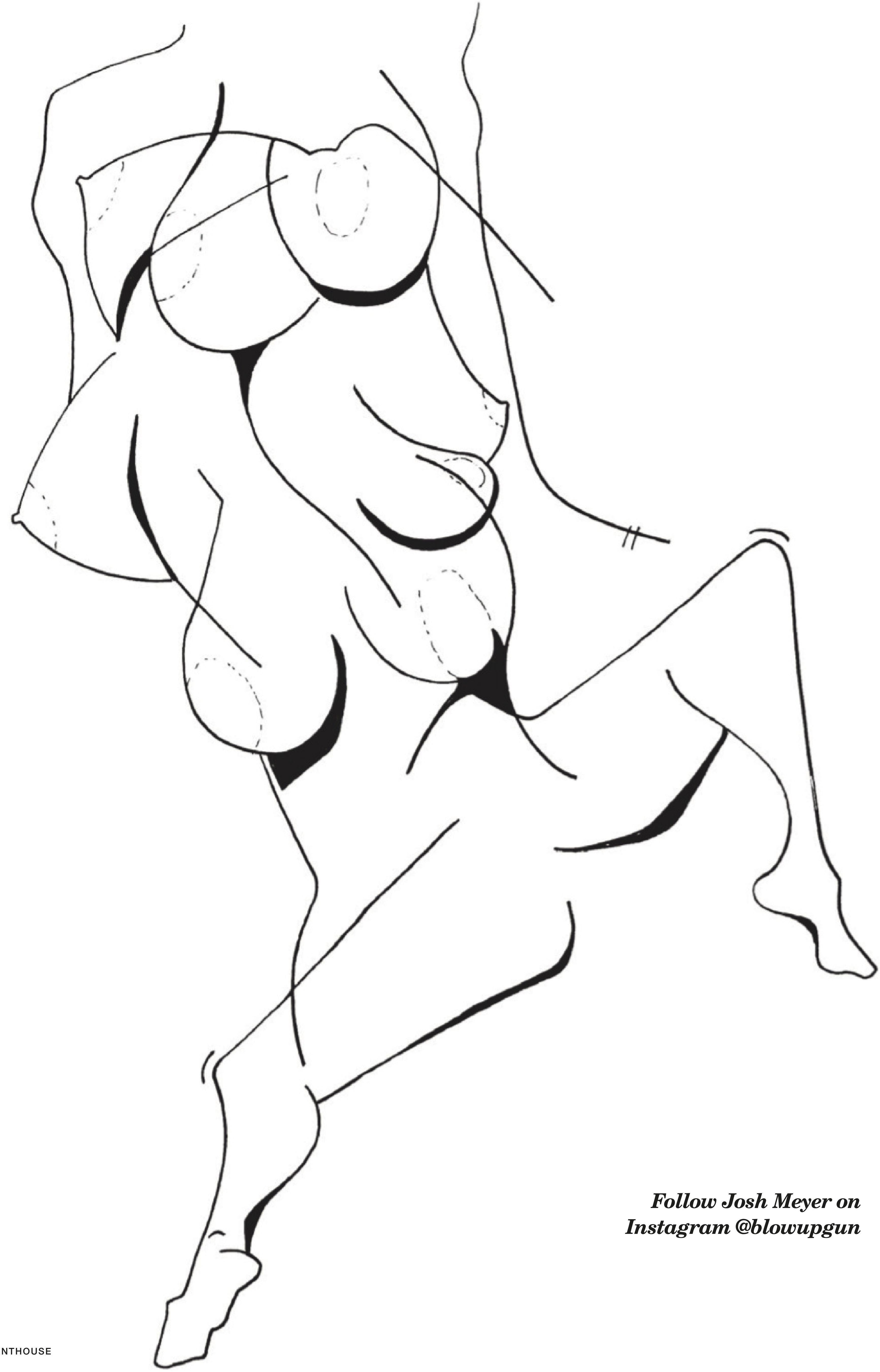
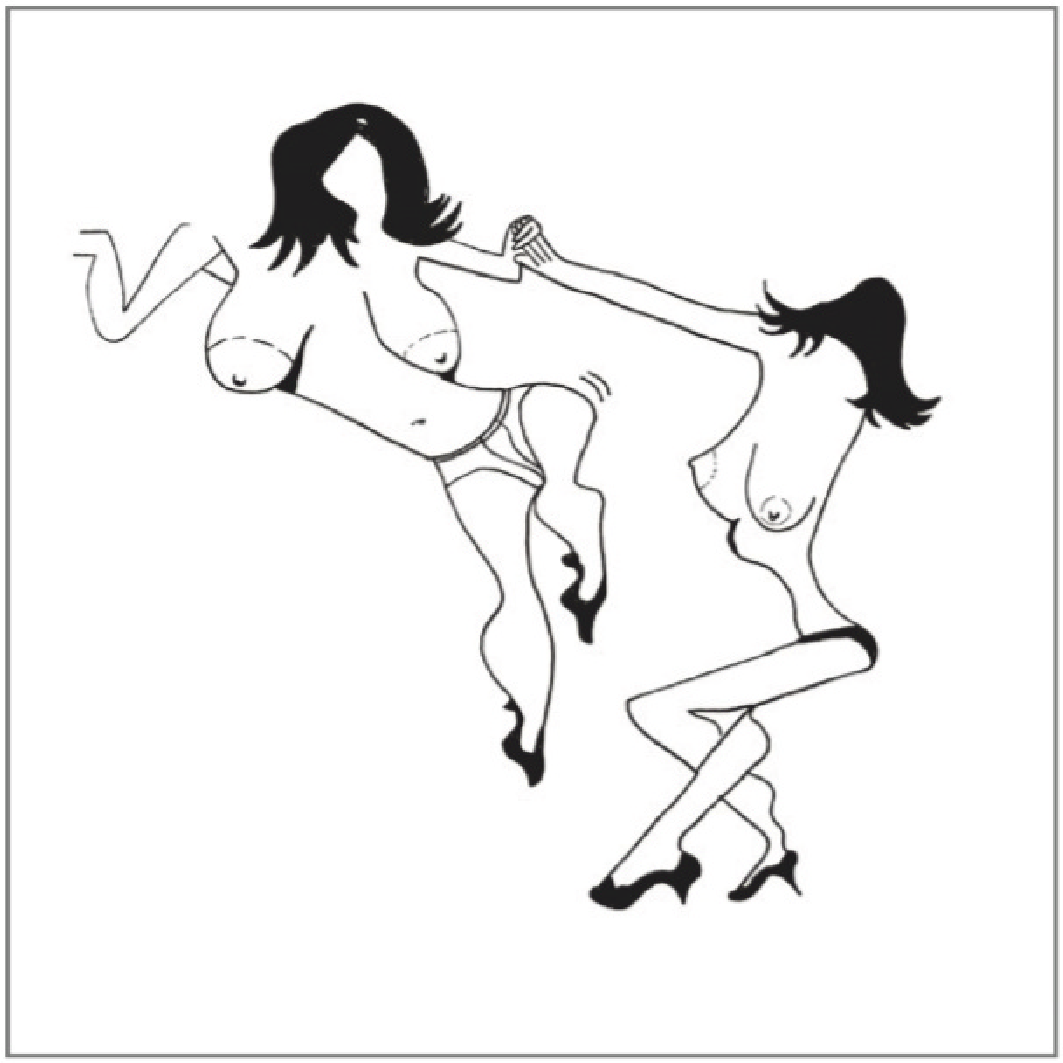


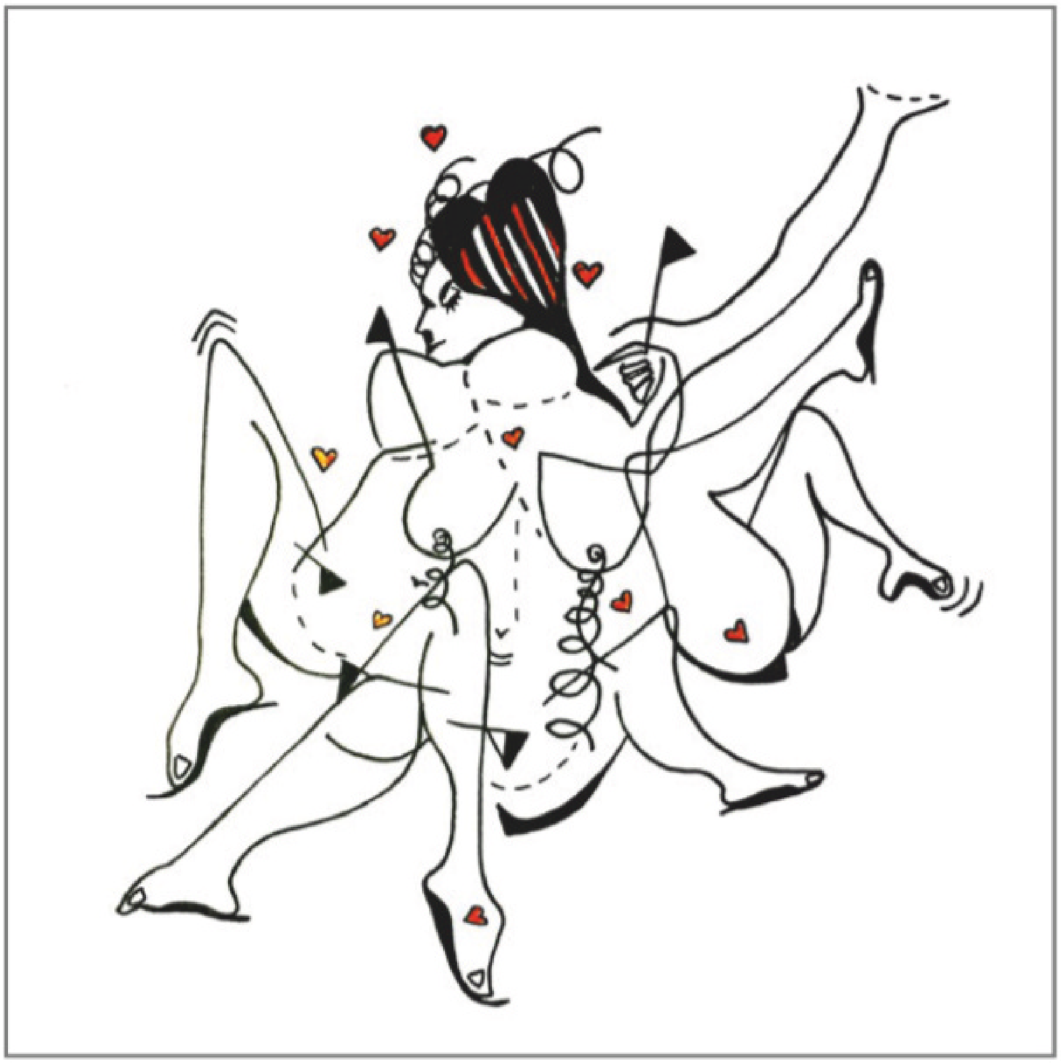




*Follow Josh Meyer on Instagram @blowupgun*

@BLOWUPGUN



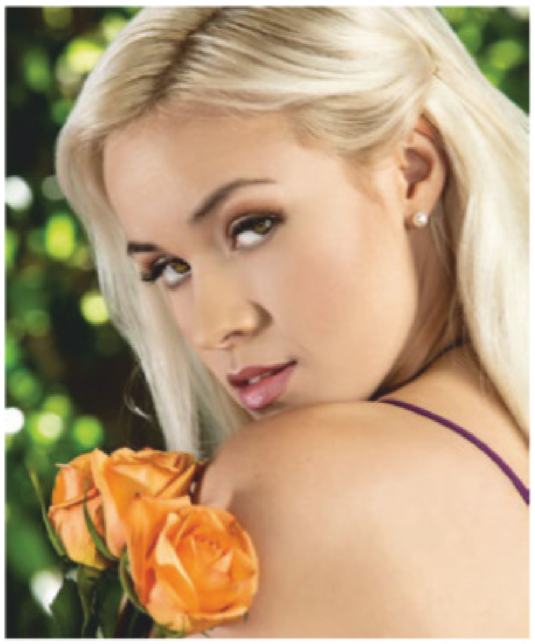


> I do sometimes get self-conscious about all the big boobs I'm drawing, so I'll start drawing smaller boobs and maybe even some dicks.

# Meaghan Stanfill

IF OUR March Pet of the Month, Meaghan Stanfill, was on Tinder (she's not, so don't bother), her profile would read: "Wild and adventurous good-girl wants you to be nice to those less fortunate." When we asked Meaghan about her life, we were wowed by all her accomplishments: she's nationally ranked in swimming, she graduated from Georgia Tech with a degree in biochemical engineering, and she currently works as a transcranial magnetic stimulation technician (look it up). Though she would never hurt a fly, Meaghan is always up for an adventure, which is probably why she agreed to pose for *Penthouse*. God bless her.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
**MS. SANDS**



**Age:** 25
**Measurements:** 32D-25-35
**Hometown:** Johns Creek, Georgia
**Instagram:** @meaghanstanfill

***If she could have any profession in the world…***
It would be to run my own equal opportunity charity organization. Ideally, I would like to own farmers markets or grocery stores and employ or rehabilitate the less fortunate in an effort to transition them back into the workforce so that they can be successful. Everyone deserves the opportunity to rebuild themselves.

***On her day job…***
I work with mostly ICE patients and veterans. These people are generally overlooked in mental health care. My favorite part about my job is I get to administer treatment and cure people who otherwise wouldn't have had a chance to get healed without government aid.

***On what she does in her downtime…***
I love to cook and create new recipes. I did 42 recipes last year and they're all healthy alternatives to my favorite dishes.

***On who she admires…***
Tina Fey and Jackie Chan. Tina Fey is incredibly talented and changed the comedy industry forever as the first female head writer on *SNL*. Jackie Chan because of the way he treats people. He's an incredible person who's made sure everyone he works with has a good life.

***On her biggest turn-on…***
I love when someone is rough with me. I want to feel dainty, like I'm being manhandled.

***On her pet peeves…***
I do not like people who are rude to strangers or to people in the service industry. It's also my biggest pet peeve to hear people making fun of someone's appearance.

***On the most adventurous place she has had sex…***
A balcony in Miami overlooking the ocean.

***On what she considers kinky…***
Anything that makes me rethink the normalcy of sex.

***On the most daring thing she has ever done…***
I free-climbed up a 48-foot cliff and jumped off it into a river.

# SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true? Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

Share the love and spill all your secrets. Tell your story to Penthouse, and you may see your letter in these very pages.

E-mail your torrid tales to **Letters@Penthouse.com**

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

PENTHOUSE®

MARCH 2020 PET OF THE MONTH

Meagan

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

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PENTHOUSE®

APRIL 2020 PET OF THE MONTH

*Violet*

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APRIL PET OF THE MONTH

# Violet Summers

OUR April Pet of the Month, Violet Summers, has only been on this planet for just over two decades, but she's dominating Instagram with a whopping 2.9 million followers on her ever-growing account. Like any GenZ girl with an entrepreneurial spirit, Violet realized she could capitalize on her charming personality and good looks, so instead of working for some corner-office asshole, she's operating for herself and her fans. She loves every minute of it, and we are endlessly impressed.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
**MS. SANDS**

**Measurements:** 34C-23-35
**Age:** 21 years old
**Hometown:** Phoenix, Arizona
**Instagram:** @violets.tv

***On her upbringing…***
I'm from a small town where everyone knows one another. I lived by the lake, which I loved because I spent every waking minute playing outside. I was a dancer and a cheerleader.

***On what she loves most about her job…***
I work for myself, so no one is telling me what I can and cannot do. I love the fact that I'm able to be myself. I feel very blessed to have such solid fans and followers. They are the reason I have such a free-spirited, amazing life.

***On what she does in her downtime…***
I love hiking, *Rocket League,* longboarding, and listening to oldies. I am a big fan of food, bubble baths, dancing, and playing with my cats. I love *The Office, Rick and Morty, Roseanne,* and any movie with Adam Sandler or Seth Rogan in it.

***On the hottest sex scene in a movie…***
Obviously that scene in *Fear* when Mark Wahlberg finger-bangs Reese Witherspoon on the roller-coaster. I watched it in the fourth grade and was confused why my panties were wet.

***On Paris Hilton…***
I love her. She reminds me that I don't have to take life too seriously. She does her own thing no matter what the world says.

***On her ultimate sexual fantasy…***
I've always wanted to fuck the bellboy at a hotel. In fact, every time I'm in a hotel it crosses my mind. It just seems like the perfect way to say thank-you after they've hauled all that heavy luggage.

***On her biggest turn-off…***
This one time, a guy was chewing gum the entire time we were having sex and it was all I could focus on. So, yeah… probably that.

***On her ideal man…***
Older than me, intelligent, and hard to read. He has to make me laugh, and laugh with me at the crazy stuff I will definitely get us into.

PHOTO: NIKKOLIA / SHUTTERSTOCK

# A NEW WAY TO LIVE

*A lifestyle change can add to your health and get you feeling good this spring.*

## THE NEW NORDIC DIET

It's no secret that the tall, thin, pale people of the Nordic countries don't have the same issues with overconsumption and obesity that we do here in the U.S. of A. People in the Scandinavian region have been living a semi-paleo lifestyle since their lean, seafood-loving ancestors figured out how to make fire and hunt. The New Nordic Diet promotes all-out Scandinavian specialties like elk meat and rutabaga, but the principle is a back-to-basics approach to cooking that cuts out all the processed crap your body doesn't need, leaving you with twice the amount of fiber you'd get if you ate like a typical Westerner. In the book *The Nordic Way,* Arne Astrup, Jennie Brand-Miller, and Christian Bitz outline a strategy and provide simple, delicious recipes to help you adopt this fresh, forward-thinking approach to food and cooking.

## KETOGENIC

If you haven't heard the word "keto" by now, it's probably because you lost your auditory ability in a tragic accident that we don't want to make you relive. The ketogenic diet is a strict meal plan that has had Americans in a frenzy for the last year. Although many health pros argue that the keto diet can be harmful as a long-term lifestyle change, it will get you fast results if you follow the rules exactly. This means absolutely no carbs, no empty calories, and no sugar. It's a low-carbohydrate, high-fat diet that stimulates metabolic changes pressuring your body to use stored fats for fuel, which kicks your body into "ketosis" resulting in weight loss. So, yes, you can have cheesy eggs with a side of Canadian bacon for breakfast, but you have to eliminate everyday staples such as beans, potatoes, pasta, and most fruits.

## PALEO (AKA THE CAVEMAN DIET)

Paleo has been popularized by athletes and actors for its simple, farm-to-table approach. The rules? Eat like our cavemen ancestors did back before we had guns, condoms, and toilets. You will munch on tons of meat, seafood, veggies, fruits, and nuts while cutting out dairy, grains, legumes, sugar, and processed foods. One major plus is that the Paleo plan promotes a healthy heart, and studies have shown that this diet has helped those suffering with multiple sclerosis. The pitfalls? It's time-consuming, causes possible iodine deficiency, and there is no guaranteed weight loss unless you pair this with an exercise routine. The Paleo lifestyle means a lot of home cooking and meal preparation, but your body will thank you as it flushes out all the toxins and garbage you've been harboring.

## THE FLEXITARIAN

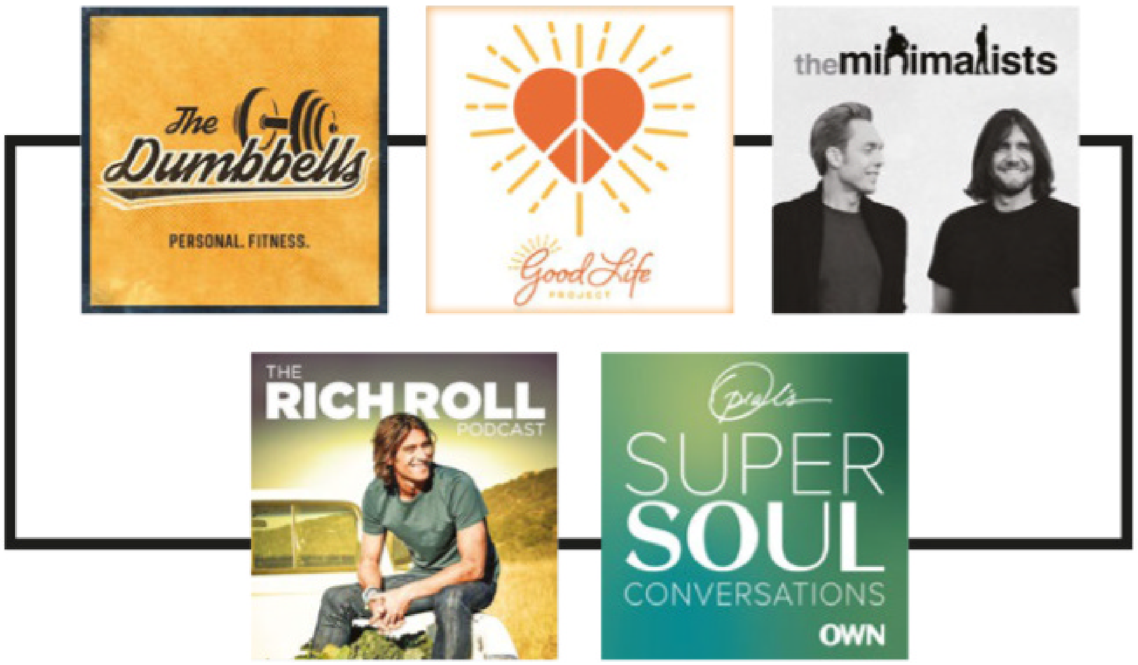
Even though the Flexitarian trend gained traction back in 2008 (with Dawn Jackson Blatner's *The Flexitarian Diet*), it has grown in popularity the last few years thanks to an endorsement by acclaimed food journalist and former *New York Times* columnist Mark Bittman. The Flexitarian approach to meal planning includes tons of organic, unprocessed fruits, veggies, and whole grains–basically, a vegetarian who thinks of meat as an indulgent side dish, not the center of his dinner. (For example, if you eat 21 meals, then your goal is to have 9 to 14 of those without meat.) The best part? Super strict (and insanely annoying) vegetarians will shun you based on principle.

## DASH

DASH (Dietary Approaches to Stop Hypertension) makes sense if you want to live a healthy life and combat high blood pressure (which is probably why it's supported by the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute). DASH promotes eating the foods nutrition experts have always told us are going to keep us healthy–fruits, veggies, whole grains, lean protein, and low-fat dairy–while avoiding refined sugar and foods with high levels of saturated fat. You have to cap your sodium intake at 1,500 to 2,300 milligrams (for every 2,000 calories per day), but you'll be amazed at how easily herbs and spices can flavor foods as you watch your flab and high blood pressure disappear.

# PODCASTS

*Here are some of the podcasts we're listening to right now, either as inspiration for a healthier lifestyle, or a welcome distraction during workouts.*



## THE DUMBELLS

Fitness buffs/comedians/hosts Eugene Cordero and Ryan Stanger riff about "training dirty, eating clean, and living in-between" on this weekly show. Like many podcasts, there's a lot of inane banter, poop jokes, and product plugs; once it gets going, though, their conversation runs the gamut of fitness-related issues: diet vs. exercise, weight loss, nutrition, choosing a gym, motivation strategies, sleep, injuries, lifestyle changes, and specific sports like boxing, basketball, running, and weightlifting. It's chit-chatty and fun, appropriate for both gym rats looking for advice and couch potatoes in need of encouragement.

## GOOD LIFE PROJECT

These days we all need a bit of self-help, and this is the perfect accompaniment to any hourlong workout. Author/entrepreneur Jonathan Fields interviews guests who've found success in their respective fields (chefs, writers, musicians, actors, doctors, athletes), but are not necessarily household names. He engages them in philosophical conversations about their "good" lives, though unlike many podcast hosts, Fields is refreshingly hands-off, letting his guests do most of the talking. Their stories are fascinating and inspiring, filled with insights on how they achieved professional success, personal fulfillment, and physical and mental health.

## THE MINIMALISTS

"Love people, use things" is the motto of podcasters Joshua Fields Millburn and Ryan Nicodemus, both former corporate wonks, now diehard minimalists. Together with their guests they tackle the subjects that all conscientious consumers struggle with: how to buy less, get rid of stuff, pay off debt, and make time for what's important, like friends, family, creativity, and physical and mental health. Each episode broaches various facets of our culture of excess: living sustainably; diet, fitness, and self-care; finances and debt; depression, anxiety, and stress; relationships and sex; smartphone and internet use; minimalist travel; and sleep.

## THE RICH ROLL PODCAST

Each week, ex-slouch-turned-ultra-marathoner Rich Roll takes a deep dive into issues regarding health, fitness, nutrition, and spirituality with various authors, health gurus, and adventurers. Launched in 2013, the podcast has a massive following (60 million downloads and counting) and holds steady on the iTunes top-ten list. His interviews are relaxed and conversational, and some clock in at more than two hours—perfect for a long training run. Roll (a former substance-abusing entertainment lawyer) tackles heavy subjects like addiction, climate change, and endurance sports, and is a strong advocate of plant-based diets.

## OPRAH'S SUPERSOUL CONVERSATIONS

Yeah yeah, we know: *Oprah*. But this is a great podcast for anyone just getting started with a wellness regime, physical or mental. With her trademark no-nonsense likability, the Big O interviews the kinds of gurus you'd expect: Dr. Phil, Eckhart Tolle, Elizabeth Gilbert, Deepak Chopra, Suze Orman, and Malcolm Gladwell, to name just a few. This slickly produced show is laden with catchy Oprahisms, and is touchy-feely to the max, but let's face it—Oprah is still the shit. That woman gets the message out, and the message is good. She advocates bringing about positive change in the world, starting with ourselves.

PHOTO: OLEKSANDR ZAMURUIEV / SHUTTERSTOCK

## THE BOGUS FIVE

*Joining a long line of phony-baloney approaches to health and fitness (a legacy that includes leeches, vibrating slimming belts, oxygen bars, and the Shake Weight) are five more recent trends.*

### ACTIVATED CHARCOAL

Believers claim ingesting activated charcoal scrubs your innards and purifies your blood. But in truth? It doesn't do shit. You'd have to swallow an ungodly amount for it to create any gut action, and it doesn't even circulate in your blood. Doctors do administer mega-doses if someone swallows poison or too much of a drug, but you don't want to go that route. For one thing, you'd be constipated for a week.

### EXTREME FASTING

Twitter CEO Jack Dorsey eats once a day during the week, and fasts all weekend. Believing it's a "biohack," he claims it enhances focus and sleep quality. Health pros say Dorsey's routine could expose practitioners to dizziness, headaches, and fatigue, with possible liver and kidney damage. Experts also suggest Dorsey might have an eating disorder. He and his Silicon Valley bros may want to rethink the starvation lifestyle.

### GLUTEN-FREE DIET

Gluten avoiders can talk your ear off about what ridding their diet of wheat has done for them. But for anyone not suffering from celiac disease, or from gluten sensitivity (maybe five percent of us), avoiding gluten makes no sense and can actually hurt. For the vast majority of humans who tolerate gluten just fine, we need not fear the G. Gluten-free products (a $5-billion industry) are often fattier, saltier, more sugary, and regrettably low in fiber.

### DETOXING

The wellness industry promotes the lucrative myth that we need to rid ourselves of "toxins." Its representatives extol juice cleanses and having a water-blasting tube stuck up your ass. Want to purify? Keep hydrated, exercise, sleep, and eat foods with fiber. Our livers filter a liter of blood per minute, the kidneys work their own detoxing magic, and fiber naturally scrubs the gut.

### COPPER-INFUSED SPORTSWEAR

Brett Favre and Jerry Rice are pitchmen for copper-infused compression sleeves for your joints, and a belt for your back. Montel Williams, who suffers from MS, has pitched for a different copper-touting clothing company, claiming, "Tommy Copper truly is pain relief without a pill." Well, Tommy Copper recently settled a lawsuit with the FTC for exaggerating what its garments do. In reality, these products don't offer special health benefits. They add some warmth, a bit of support, but no more.

# CONTENDER OR PRETENDER?

*Some health, wellness, and exercise trends are so ridiculous, you don't need a degree in nutrition or kinesiology to declare them bogus. But what about trends less easily dismissed? These are trickier—approaches and practices that might have some scientific substance, or work for some people, but ultimately don't have what it takes to be champions.*

## THE NAUTILUS WORKOUT

Youngsters may have never heard of Nautilus machines. They exploded in popularity in the late 1970s, and Nautilus gyms were franchised all over the U.S., making inventor-founder Arthur Jones so rich he cracked the *Forbes* top 400 list. His machines featured kidney-shaped cogs, not pulleys, allowing varying resistance for a better burn. Jones preached that all you needed to do was one set of an exercise, performed to muscular failure, once a week, and you'd get ripped. A high-intensity workout pioneer? Definitely. Creator of the ultimate fitness approach? Nope. If Jones had done that, there'd be more Nautilus gyms today than Starbucks.

## GRAVITY BOOTS

Ever seen a young Richard Gere doing dumbbell exercises while hanging upside-down in the 1980 movie *American Gigolo*? His character is wearing gravity boots–ankle cuffs hooked to a chin-up bar. Proponents said they shredded your abs, juiced your weight workouts, and healed your back. Some claimed "inversion therapy" improved brain function, relieved heart stress, oxygenated organs, and even reduced wrinkles. Gravity boots do stretch the spine, which has helped some people's back issues, while exacerbating the back problems of others. And inversion increases your blood pressure–not good.

## BAREFOOT RUNNING

In 2009, Christopher McDougall published *Born to Run,* a best-seller documenting how Mexican Tarahumara tribal people could run for hours wearing only thin sandals, landing lightly on the balls of their feet, rather than heel-striking. McDougall's book offered a critique of modern running shoes, which he felt promoted an inefficient, injury-creating gait. Suddenly people were scrapping their Nikes and running barefoot–even down dogshit-smeared city sidewalks. "Minimalist" footwear–basically gloves for your feet–appeared. But then science got on the case, and researchers discovered heel-strike running was actually more efficient.

## CELERY JUICE

The past few years, people have been guzzling this stuff. Singer Pharrell goosed the hype with an Instagram post showing him ready to quaff a glass. Health-food stores hawk it, juice bars sell it, and #celeryjuicechallenge became a thing. The fad took off when Gwyneth Paltrow's wellness website Goop let New Age guru Anthony Williams push his theory that celery juice fixes dozens of ailments. Now, it's true the juice is good for you–celery is high in vitamins, antioxidants, and other substances. But a transformative superfood? Nope. And when you juice it, you lose its helpful fiber. You're better off snacking on a stalk loaded with peanut butter.

## CUPPING

Don't laugh! Okay, laugh. Remember how swimmer Michael Phelps was covered in round, red bruises on his back during the 2016 Olympics in Rio? They looked like pepperoni-sized hickeys. Phelps is an advocate of "cupping," an ancient Chinese practice back in vogue that involves a suck-and-release treatment using small glass cups pressed into flesh. Blood flow increases in the area, and that's supposed to reduce muscle pain and tension, and speed recovery. Many scientists scoff, as you might imagine. Any "benefits" may be a placebo effect, they say. If you're skeptical, stick with foam rolling–the science is rock-solid there.

PHOTOS: NAS CREATIVES; COKA / SHUTTERSTOCK

# WHITE HEAT

SPRING IS OFFICIALLY HERE, AND WHATEVER YOUR STYLE, THE WARMER WEATHER CALLS FOR NEW CLOTHES, NEW ENERGY, NEW EVERYTHING. AS WE GET GOING INTO 2020, WE'RE TAKING THE GUESSWORK OUT OF NAVIGATING ALL THE NEW OPTIONS AVAILABLE. THE BEST CLOTHES, THE BEST SCENTS, GROOMING ESSENTIALS, CULTURAL CRED– WE'VE GOT EVERY BASE COVERED. YOU'RE WELCOME.

**FRENCH DESIGNER**
**SIMON PORTE JACQUEMUS**

# DESIGNER PROFILE: SIMON PORTE JACQUEMUS

**FRENCH DESIGNER SIMON PORTE JACQUEMUS HAS TAKEN HIS PENCHANT FOR ASPIRATIONAL VACATIONING AND TURNED IT INTO A GLOBAL PHENOMENON.**

HOW do you become a megabrand in 2020? For starters, you could develop a substantial Instagram following, preferably in the millions. Or you could gather a legion of loyal celebrity fans, including megastars like Rihanna and multiple Kardashians.

You could also earn the respect of the fashion industry by staging an internet-breaking runway show and have every womenswear retailer on the planet clambering for a piece of your next collection. Or, if you're Simon Porte Jacquemus, you can do all of the above–and then launch an equally successful menswear line to top it all off.

Few brands have navigated the choppy waters of fashion in the twenty-first century like Jacquemus. The designer officially launched his namesake label ten years ago, when he was only 20 years old, having recently moved to Paris from the sleepy town of Mallemort in the South of France. His early work was lovingly dubbed "naive" by the industry–simple designs with avant-garde cuts and fabrications, which quickly caught the attention of the Paris fashion crowds.

In 2012, he was invited to present his collection at Paris Fashion Week, and in 2015, he received the coveted LVMH Special Jury Prize. But it wasn't until 2018 that Jacquemus pivoted to designing men's clothes.

After months of teasing a launch on Instagram, the designer officially debuted his first menswear look–an oversized hoodie with the words "L'Homme Jacquemus" scrawled across the front–while taking a bow at his autumn/winter 2019 womenswear show in Paris. Four months later, he launched the full collection with a large-scale runway event in Marseille. His designs alternated between streetwear (like the logo hoodie) and more classic staples: short-sleeve shirts, cotton shorts, canvas jackets, and sunglasses. In short: quintessential Euro cool.

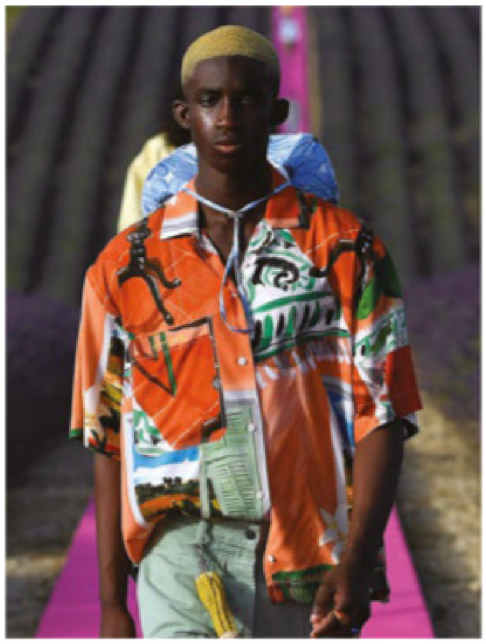
"I'm aiming to make it very affordable," Jacquemus said at the time, admitting he was pricing his menswear at half that of his womenswear. "I know how men think in a shop. We won't sell an 800-euro shirt, but one at 270 we will."

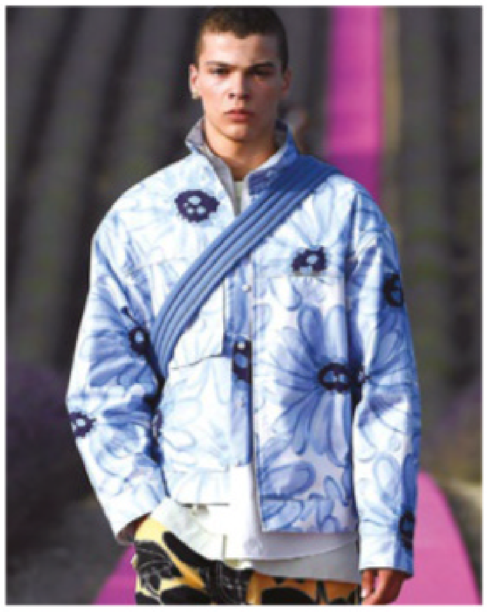
Jacquemus's second menswear collection–which dropped in December–upped the ante a little. Shown at the end of the men's fashion week in 2019, in a lavender field in Provence, the collection was welcomed by an enraptured audience that included model/actress Emily Ratajkowski.

**"I KNOW HOW MEN THINK IN A SHOP. WE WON'T SELL AN 800-EURO SHIRT, BUT ONE AT 270 WE WILL."**

The pieces included graphic-printed board shorts, cotton bucket hats, chunky Timberland-style boots, and perfectly cut crisp white shirts. For the more fashion-forward, there were blush-pink polo shirts, iridescent pants, and patchwork denim jeans. The collection spoke to a simplistic way of dressing–layering soft tonal colors and embracing oversize silhouettes.

At the core of everything, however, was wearability. "I have to find simplicity that's not too simple," is how Jacquemus explained it. "I can't just do a polo shirt and I can't just do craziness. If I don't think I can walk in the street wearing it, we won't sell it."





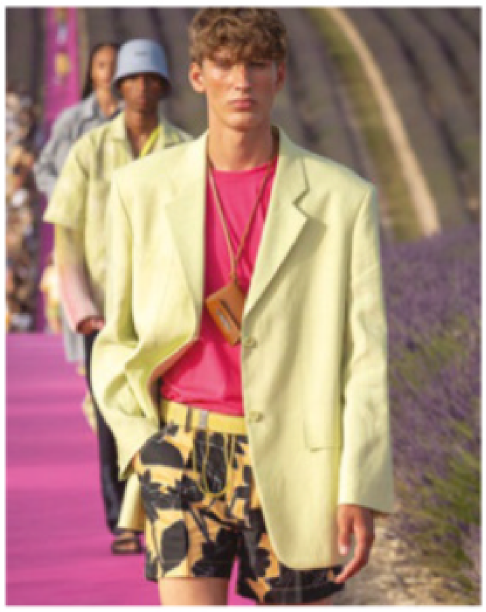
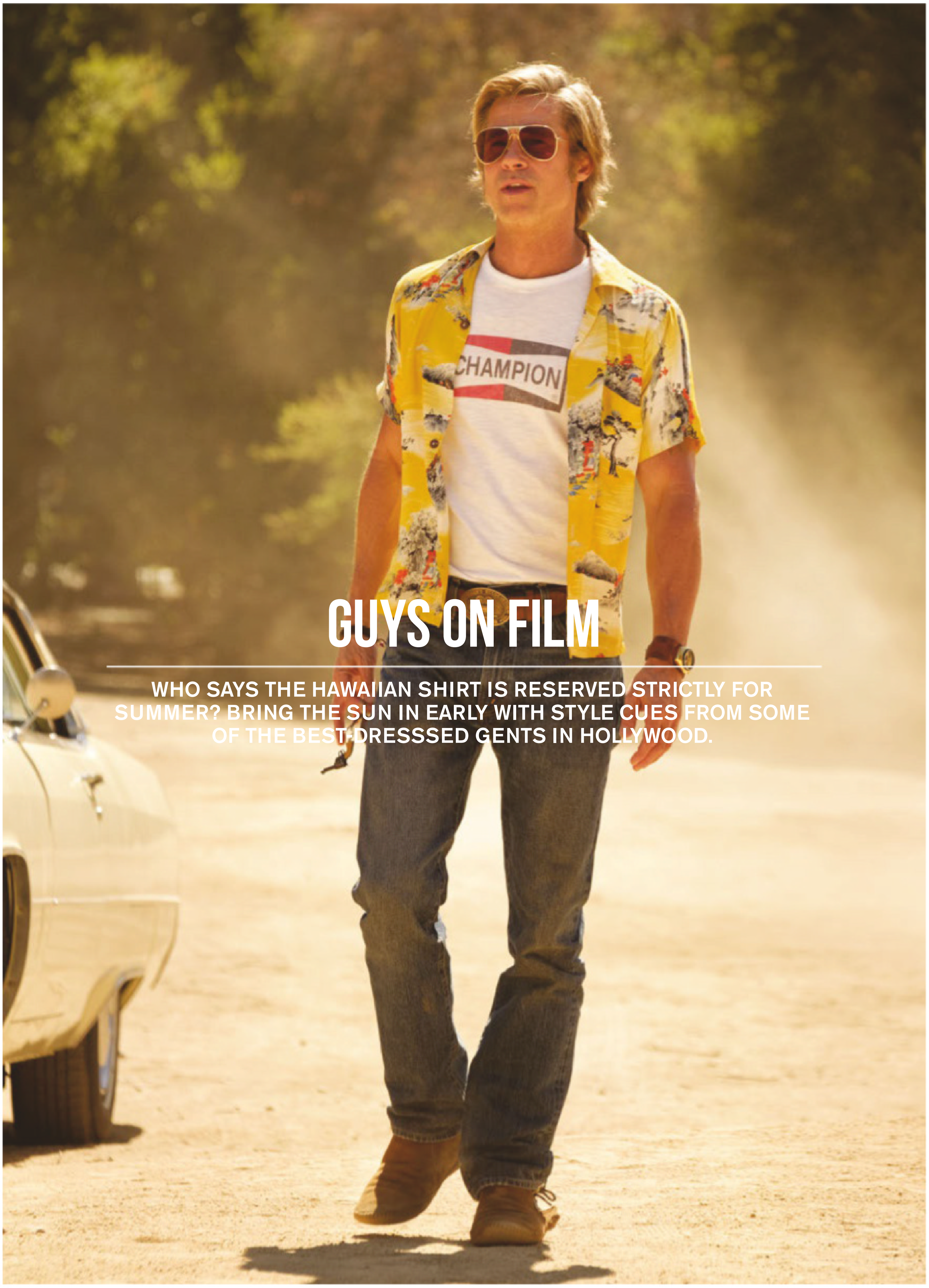


PHOTO: VANNI BASSETTI / GETTY IMAGES

# HINTS OF...

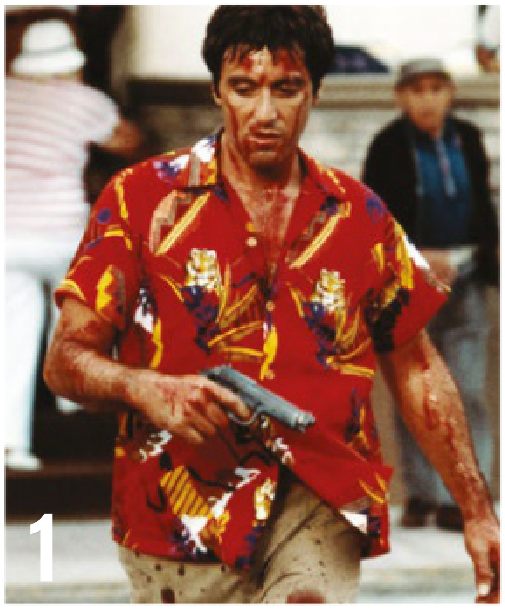
TREAT YOURSELF TO A NEW AFTERSHAVE AHEAD OF THE SUMMER SEASON—THERE'S ONE FOR EVERY PRICE RANGE.

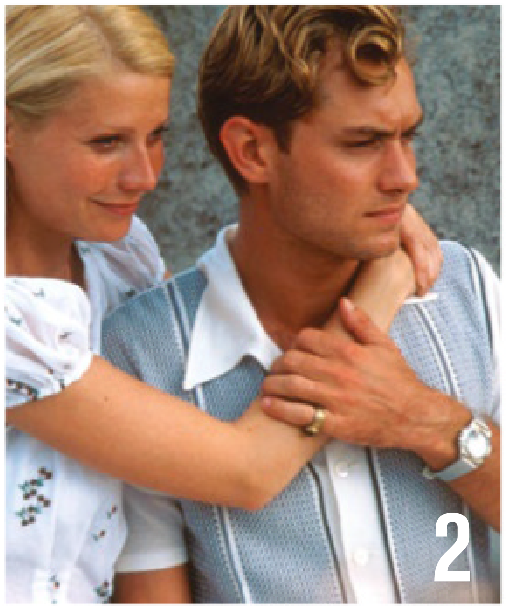
1. COMME DES GARÇONS PARFUMS SERIES #10 CLASH, $65 AT ZGOPERFUMERY.COM / 2. MALIN + GOETZ LEATHER, $95 AT MALINANDGOETZ.COM / 3. BAXTER OF CALIFORNIA PACIFIC CANNABIS, $98 AT BAXTEROFCALIFORNIA.COM / 4. GIORGIO ARMANI ACQUA DI GIÒ, $98 AT GIORGIOARMANIBEAUTY-USA.COM / 5. MAISON FRANCIS KURKDJIAN AMYRIS HOMME, $325 AT BLOOMINGDALES.COM



# GUYS ON FILM

WHO SAYS THE HAWAIIAN SHIRT IS RESERVED STRICTLY FOR SUMMER? BRING THE SUN IN EARLY WITH STYLE CUES FROM SOME OF THE BEST-DRESSSED GENTS IN HOLLYWOOD.

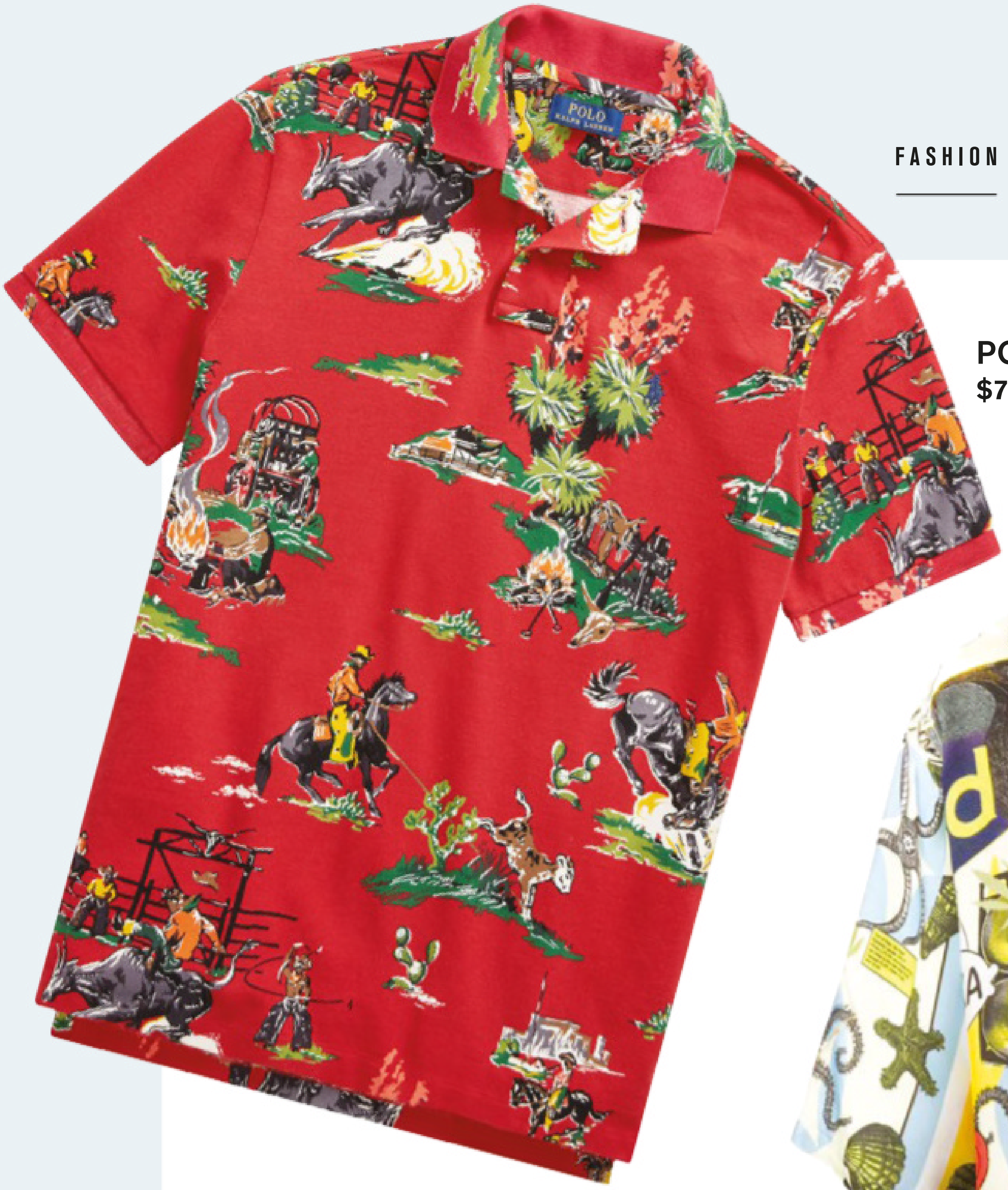




MOVIE PHOTOS: PHOTOFEST

1. SCARFACE (1983) / 2. THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY (1999) / 3. THE SOPRANOS (2004) /
4. ONCE UPON A TIME IN HOLLYWOOD (2019) / 5. FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (1998) /
6. CALL ME BY YOUR NAME (2017)

FASHION



**POLO RALPH LAUREN**
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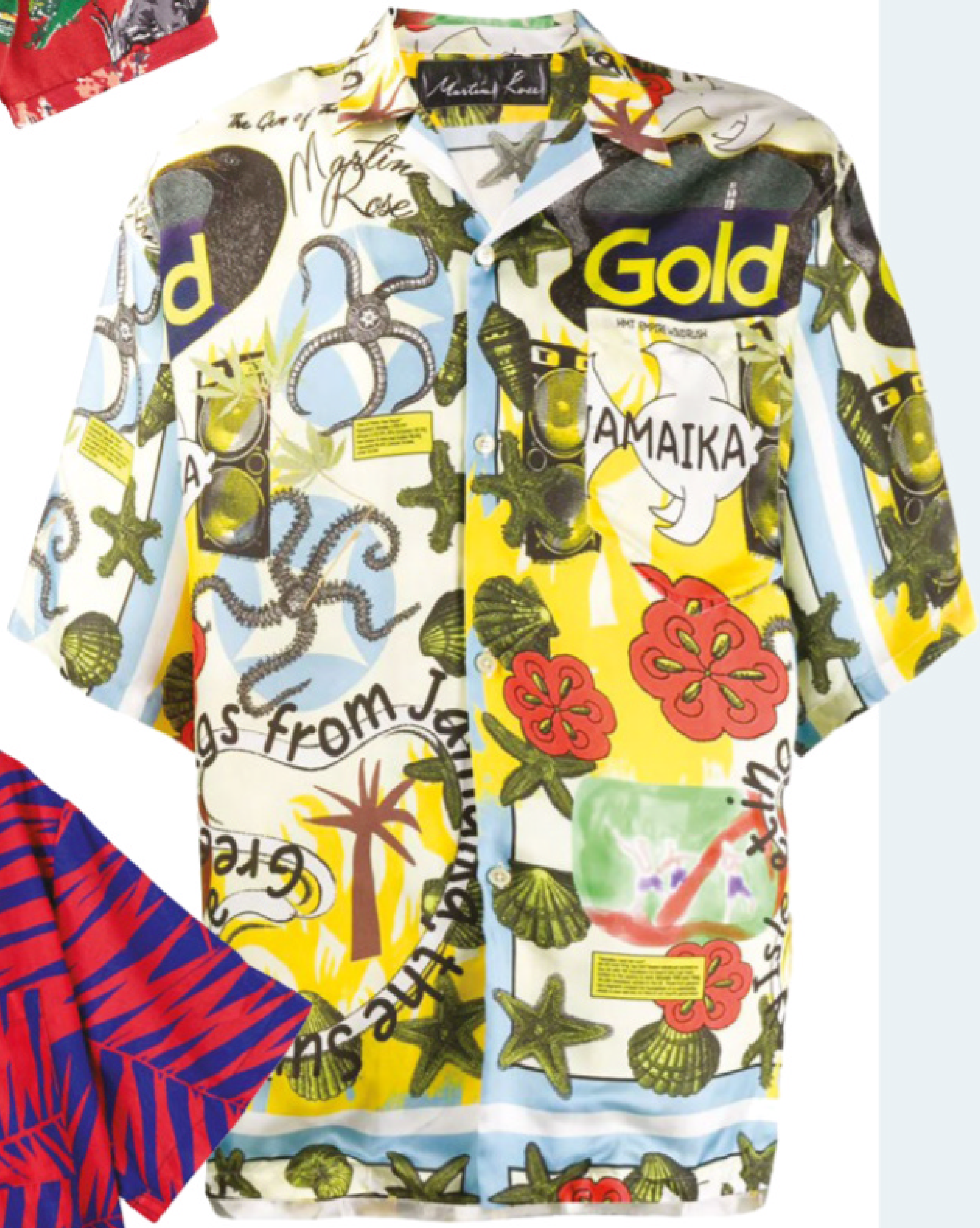

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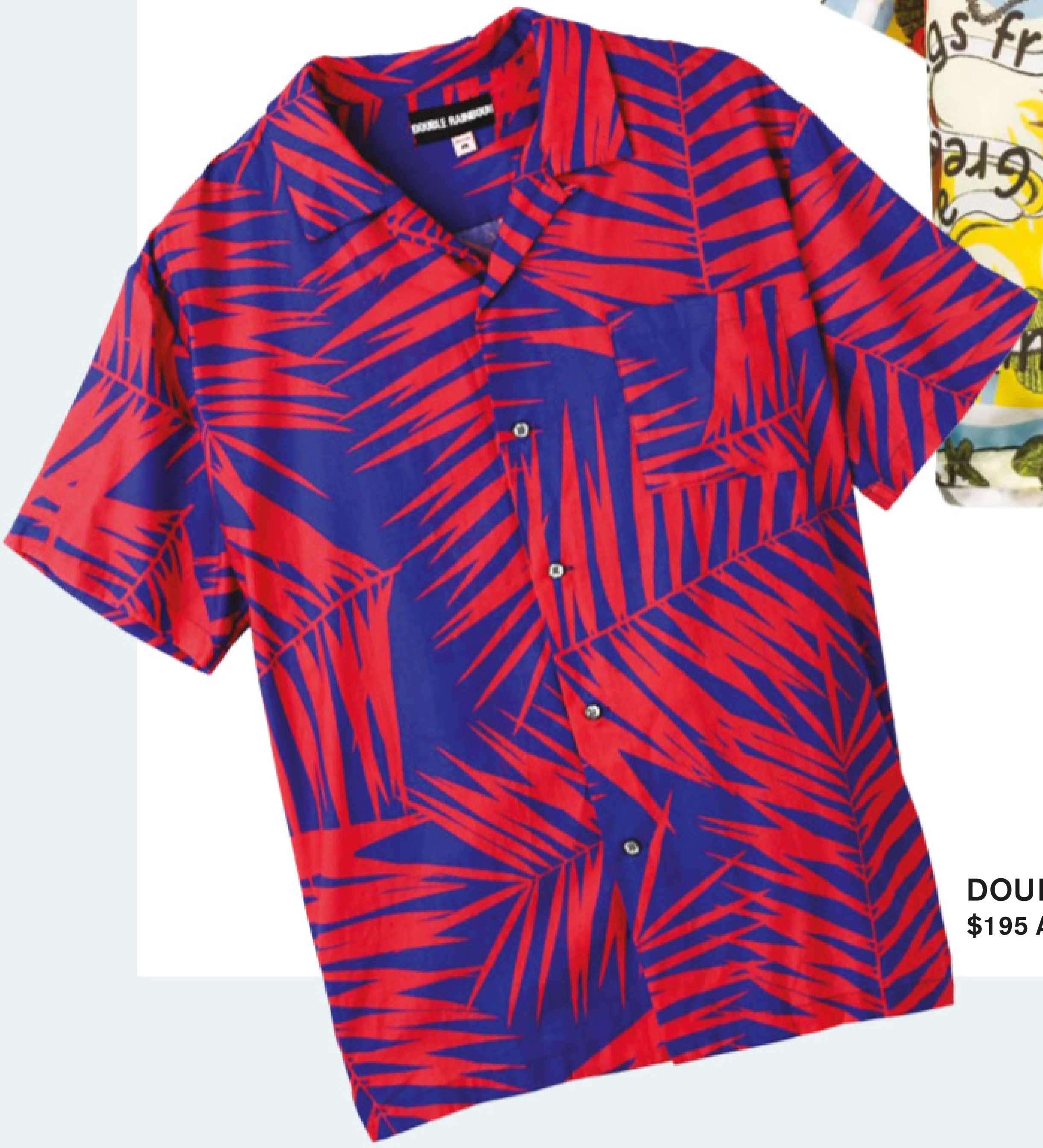

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SPRING-FRIENDLY SWAP-OUTS THAT WILL TRANSFORM YOUR 9-TO-5 WARDROBE.

1

2

3

4

5

6

1. BAG BY SMYTHSON, $2,303 AT MATCHESFASHION.COM / 2. SHIRT BY ORLEBAR BROWN, $145 AT ORLEBARBROWN.COM / 3. SET OF SOCKS BY RAEY, $76 AT MATCHESFASHION.COM / 4. LINEN TROUSERS BY TOD'S, $669 AT MRPORTER.COM / 5. SHOES BY PRADA, $750 AT FARFETCH.COM / 6. LINEN BLAZER BY TOD'S, $1,403 AT MRPORTER.COM

FASHION

# DATE NIGHT

IMPRESS YOUR OTHER HALF BY ELEVATING YOUR JEANS-AND-T-SHIRT GAME.

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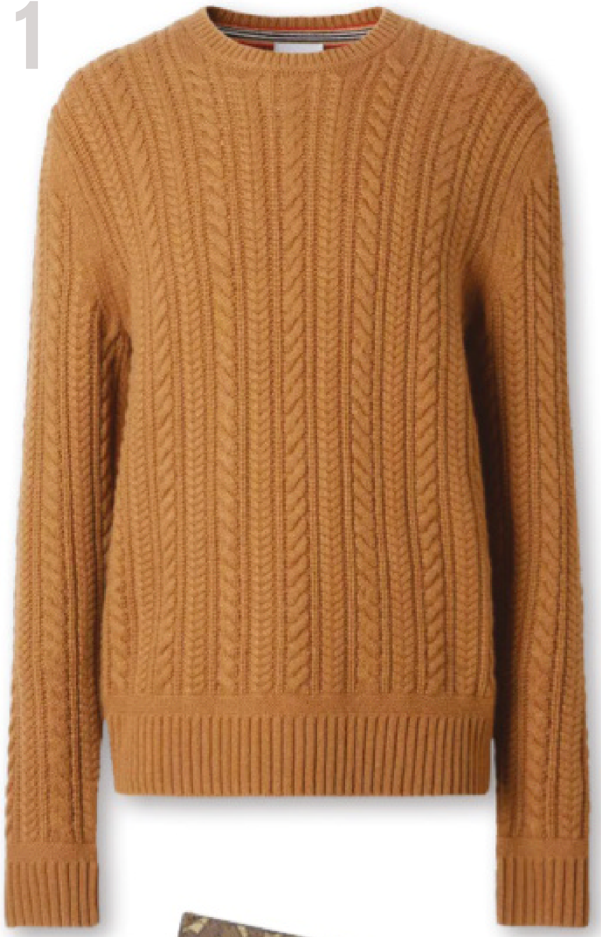

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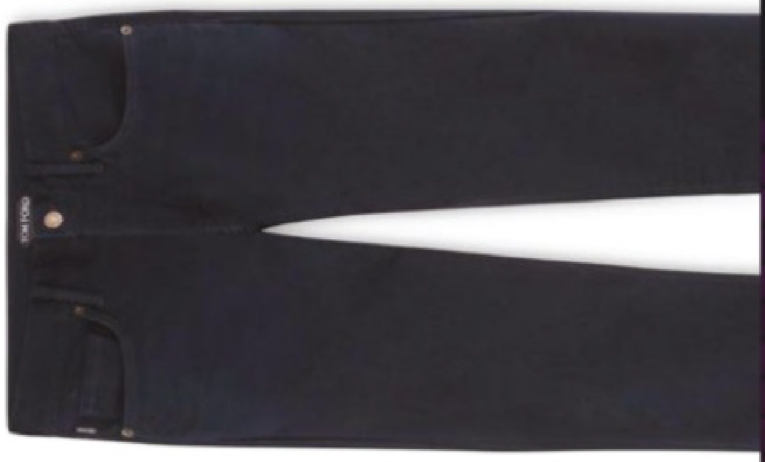

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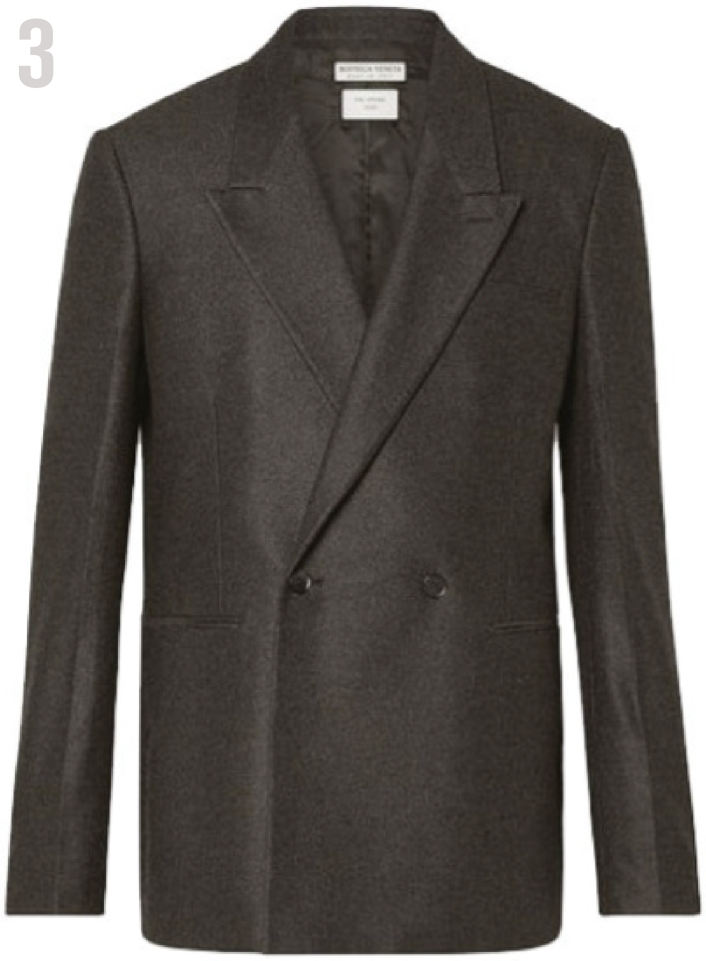

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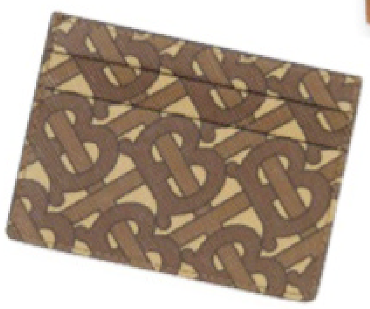

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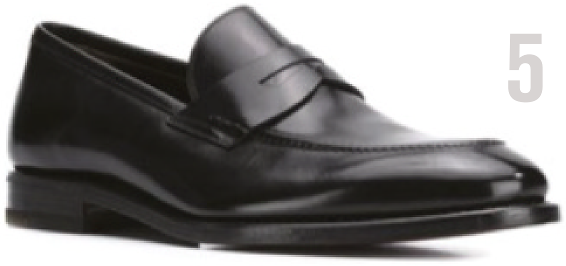

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# ALL-OUT RUNNING

*Sprint your way to better health and fitness—and have fun doing it.*

### BY PHIL HANRAHAN

TEN years ago, my life changed for the better. I can pinpoint the moment.

It was a sweltering August day and I was at the start of an exercise walk out at the end of Long Island's North Fork. Walking had recently replaced jogging, full-court basketball, and barbell squats when it came to working my legs. Why? Knee pain. I'd had chronic discomfort beneath my kneecaps for two-plus decades, but only when I hit my forties did it start to slow me down.

Was it cartilage wear and tear? Patellar tendinitis? Both? I never saw a doctor about it, but if I had, I would have said, "All my adult life it has hurt to kneel. Does that tell you anything? Also, the last time I played an hour of basketball, the pain beneath my kneecaps was so bad I could barely go up and down stairs."

So there I was on a quiet road beside an old cemetery. My plan had been to walk for an hour. But it was 98 degrees, with Amazonian humidity. Most of the route was blasted by sun. *Fuck this,* I thought.

I was about to head home when I got an idea. Boneyard trees shaded the road for about 100 yards. On a whim, I took off running. Within a few seconds I was going at a pretty good clip.

It felt awesome. My knees felt fine. Aside from a basketball fast-break or baserunning in softball, I hadn't sprinted in a quarter century. Doing so felt liberating. And it was fun to be going fast, enjoying a speed-generated breeze. Remember when you were a kid and could take off running whenever you wanted? Some of that youthful sensation returned.

I've been sprinting ever since that August day. I cover roughly 150 yards and walk briskly back. I aim for ten reps, but if time's an issue, I'll do fewer.

Injuries? None–not even a tweaked hammy. With my knees feeling good, I also do platform jumps at the gym, or hop up onto a low wall or picnic table when I'm outside.

My stumbled-onto routine coincided with a revolution in fitness science. Researchers discovered that short bursts of strenuous exercise give the body such an impactful workout that as few as 60 total seconds of intense exertion (broken up into three 20-second chunks with rest in between) can confer the health and fitness benefits of 45 minutes of more moderate exercise.

Fat burning, blood-sugar control, energy production in the muscles, even aerobic endurance–all improved by what's called HIIT, or high-intensity interval training.

**SPRINTING CAN SPEED UP YOUR METABOLISM AND BOOST TESTOSTERONE AND HGH PRODUCTION, WHICH HELPS YOU FLIP THE BIRD TO FATHER TIME.**

One Danish physiologist, who led a top study of HIIT in 2018, called 20 seconds the "sweet spot" for exertion bursts. The sprints I do tend to average about that.

If this HIIT science is sound, I can feel okay about mothballing five-mile jogs when I hit middle age. But how come sprinting seems to agree with my knees?

"Biomechanically, when you sprint, you're in a body posture and your muscles are functioning in a way that can be protective of knee joints," says Milwaukee-based physical therapist Garrett McElfresh, who specializes in orthopedics and sports injuries. "The short, intense action recruits more muscle fibers than jogging. This can have shock-absorbing effects for structures like the knee meniscus and articulate cartilage.

"A second factor is foot carriage–sprinters strike the ground with the forefoot more than the heel, which activates support from ligaments and connective tissue in your feet, ankles, and knees. This can keep your kneecap tracking in its groove, which makes the patella cartilage happy."

Long Island orthopedic surgeon Dr. Brian McGinley, a knee specialist with experience in sports medicine, highlights the way increased leg-muscle performance over time helped my knee joints.

"As you continued to train," he says, "the strength you developed in your thighs acted as shock absorbers, stabilizing your knees and limiting force absorbed by your knee surfaces."

But McGinley also notes that running subjects knee surfaces to a force roughly eight or nine times your body weight (twice the force of walking). So when it comes to evangelizing for sprints, I try to be realistic. In my case, the routine has been a blessing. It works the whole body. Sessions are quick. And it feels great to be bounding along, a literal spring in your step.

Sprinting can speed up your metabolism and boost testosterone and HGH production, which helps you flip the bird to Father Time. There are Masters track-and-field champions like Grady Cash and Charles Allie, men in their early seventies, who can race down a block faster than healthy guys 50 years younger. Of course you'd want to check with your doctor, factor in your physical frame and joint health, and start slow, rather than trying to go all Usain Bolt on day one. I gradually worked my way up to sprinting at max speed over the course of multiple weeks.

But sprinting might be for you. You might even get hooked. I've now kicked it into high gear in five different states and four countries. All you need is a sidewalk, a pothole-free street, or a park where you won't collide with anyone. And don't forget to limber up!

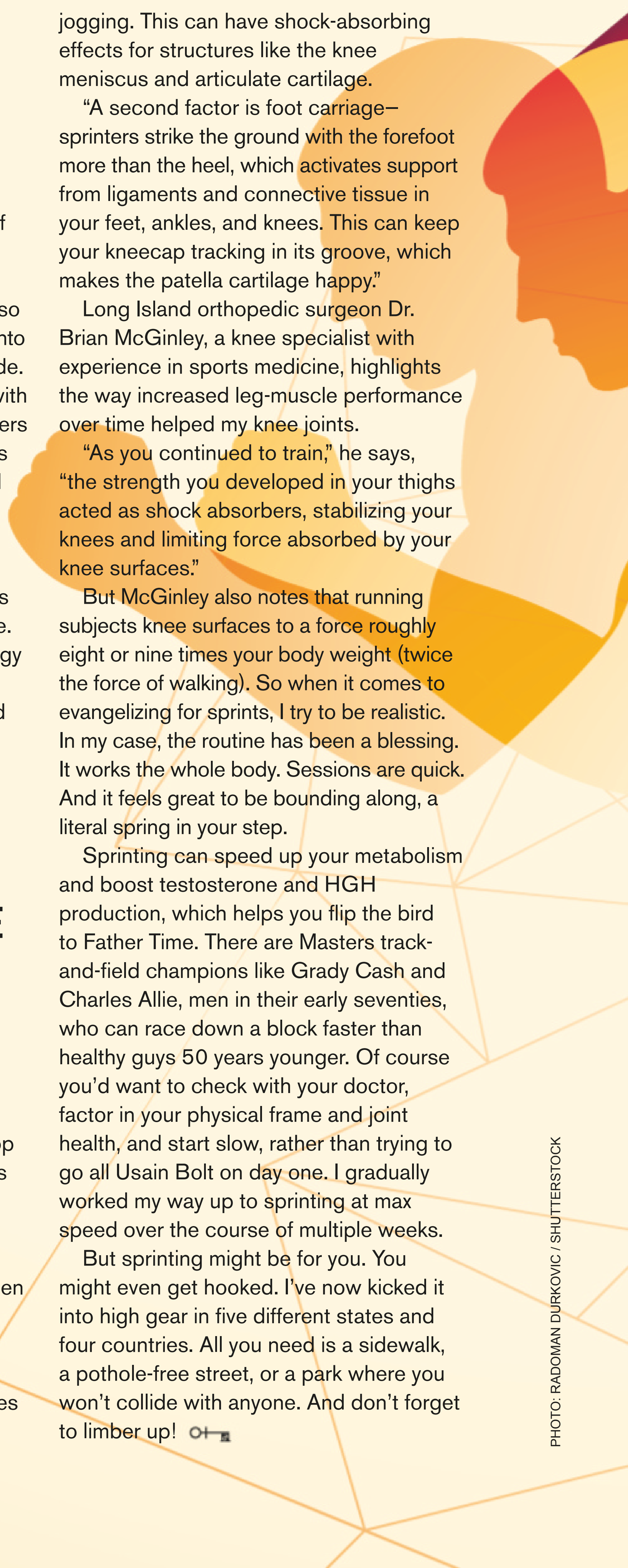
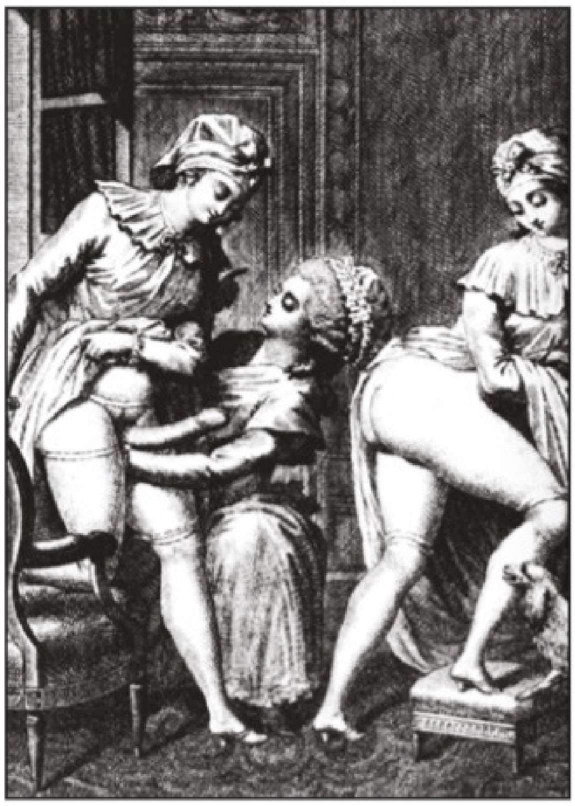


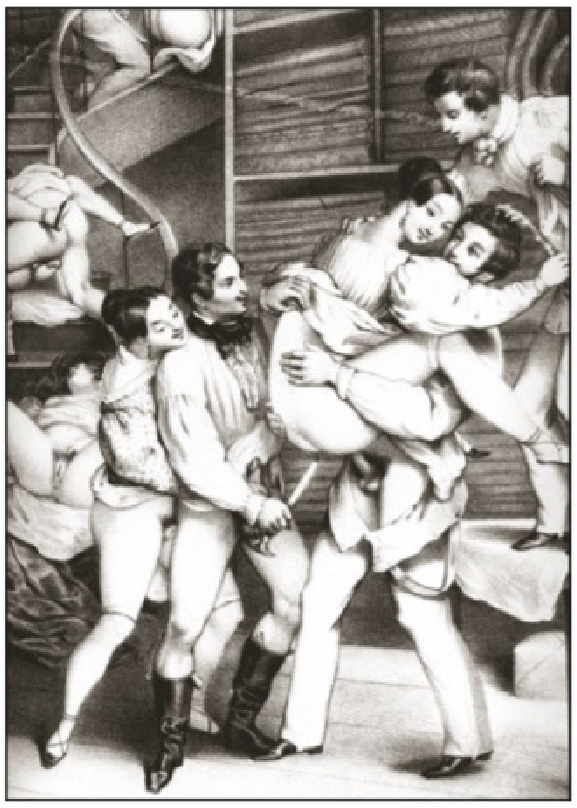
PHOTO: RADOMAN DURKOVIC / SHUTTERSTOCK

# TOY STORY

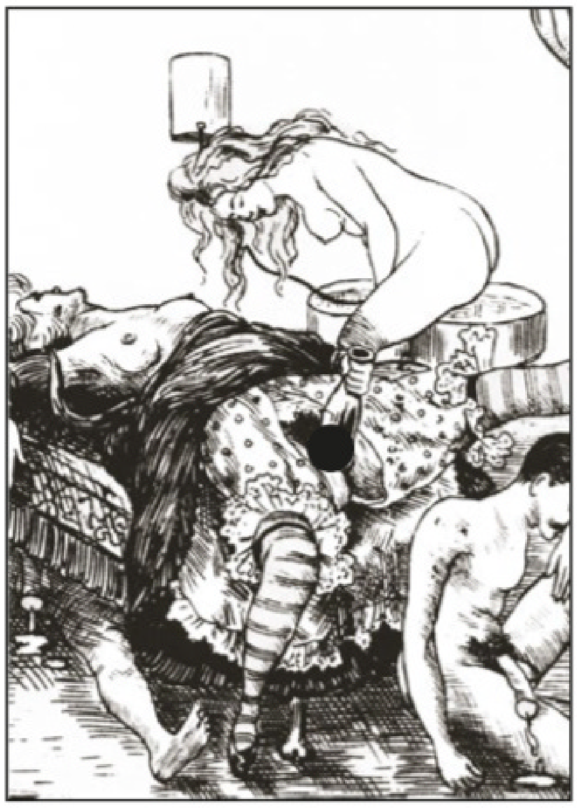
*More than 500 years of sex-toy history is covered in a new edition from Goliath Books.*



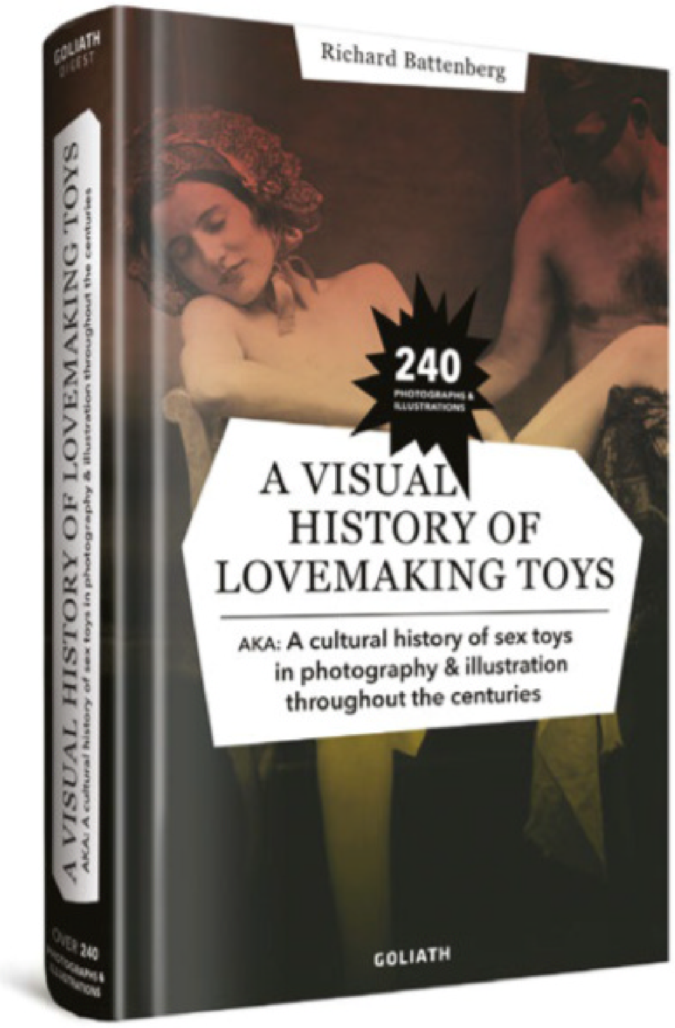
*Engraving from Andréa de Nerciat's novel "Les Aphrodites" (1793)*



*Lithography by Achille Devéria (1835)*



*Anonymous French postcard, late 19th century*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DILDOS. Vibrators. Cock rings. Anal beads. Strap-ons. Butt plugs. Prostate massagers. Feather teasers. Cock cages. Rubber sleeves. Nipple clamps. Sex swings. Ben Wa balls.

Whatever kind you prefer, sex toys have been keeping humans hot and happy for much of human history–one siltstone phallus found in Germany is believed to date back 28,000 years.

Produced in various materials, colors, and shapes, history's "marital aids" haven't always been used for sex. In modern-day Shanghai, for instance, a jade and bronze butt plug was discovered in the tomb of an ancient king–an artifact archaeologists believe was used to seal the orifice of the corpse to maintain the body's chi, or life force.

For the many people who enjoy them for their intended purposes, sex toys are essential to healthy lovemaking. They empower people who are otherwise physically unable to have sex, and allow women to enjoy penetration without a man, often stimulating spots that might otherwise be unreachable.

Most important, they can be enjoyed by anyone–straight or gay, alone or with others–no matter your predilection.

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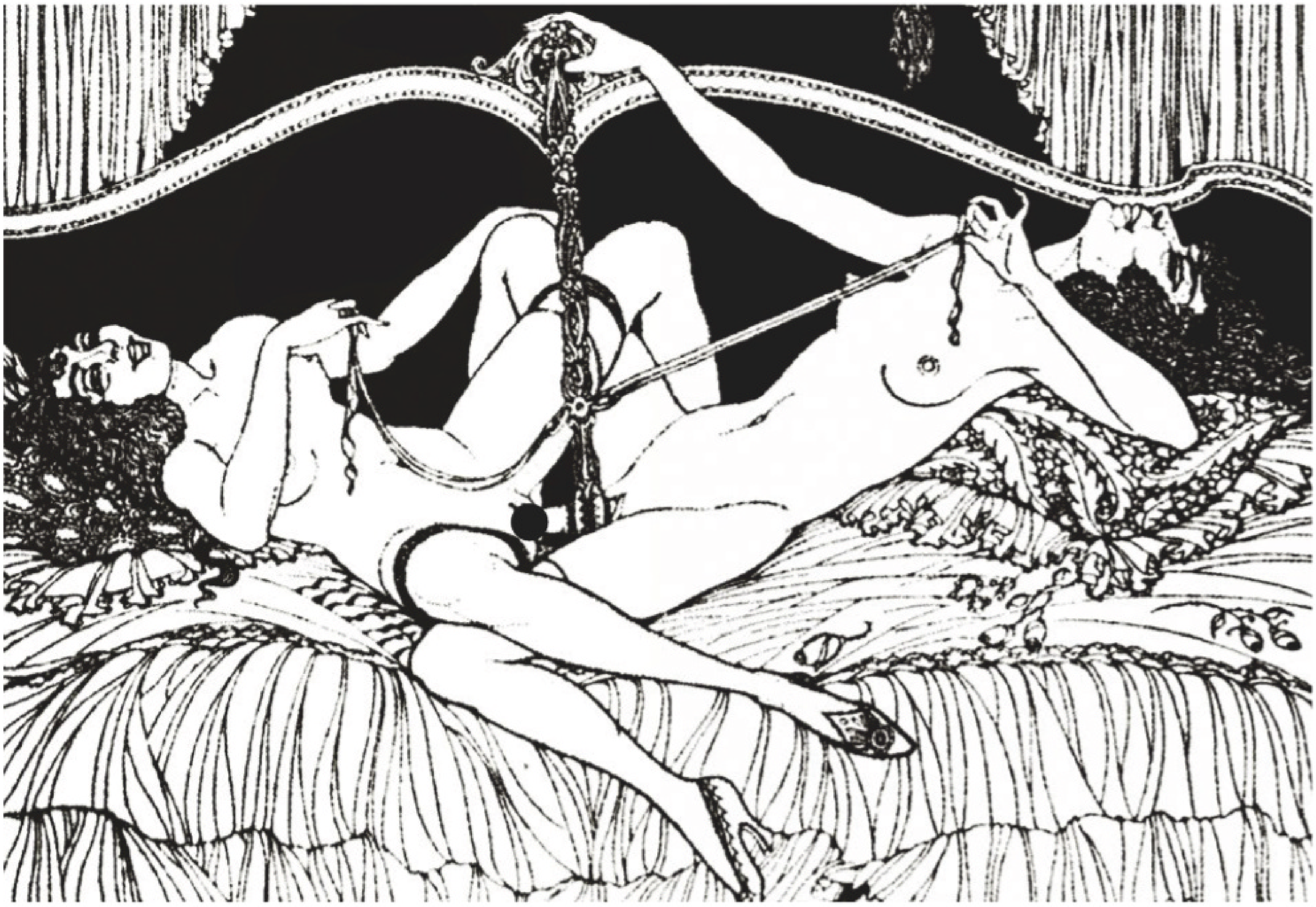
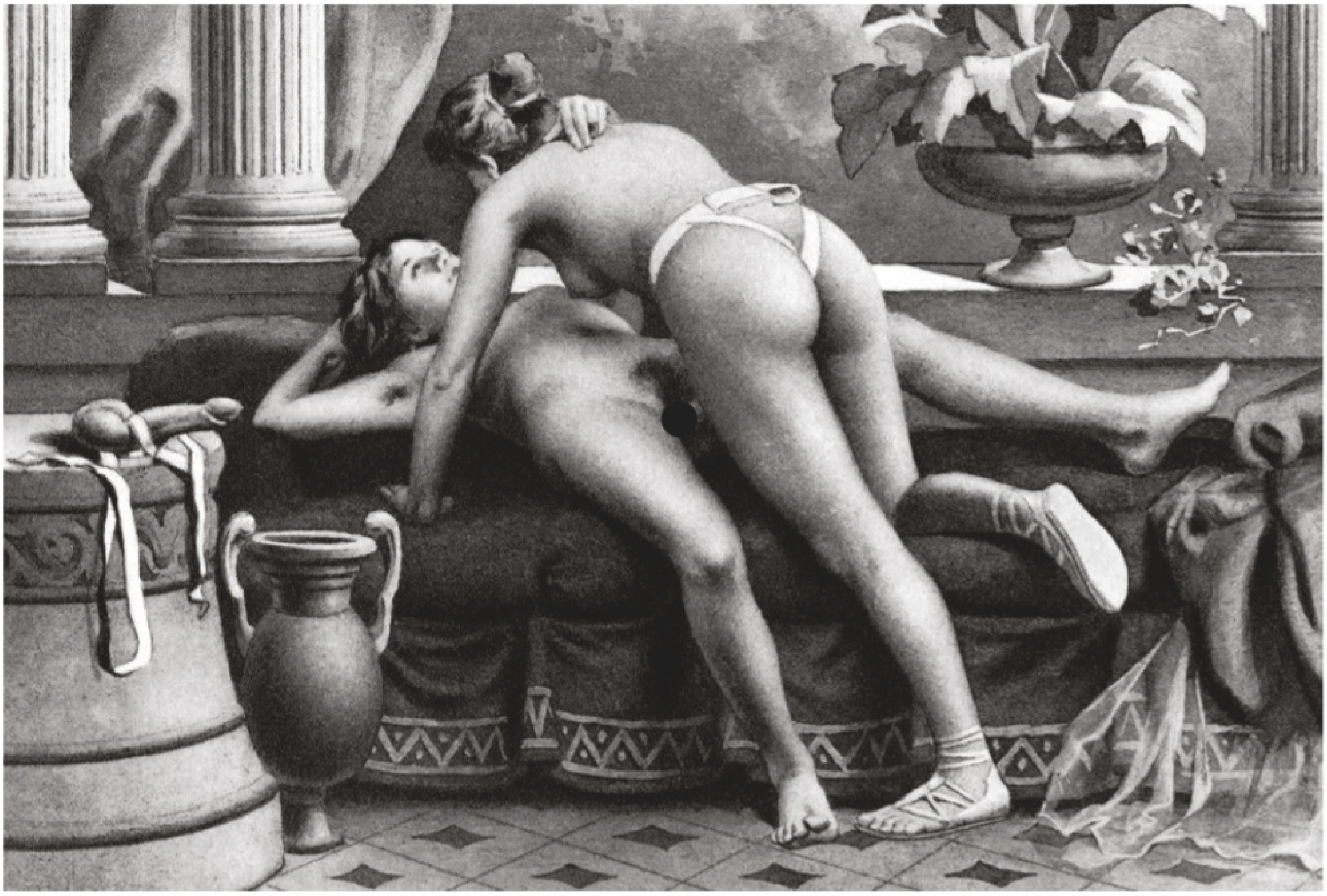




# BECOMING PERSEPHONE

BY JENNY NORDBAK

I HAVE always been fascinated by mythology and pagan stuff, so when I moved to a new town and saw they were holding auditions for a huge mythological festival, I immediately signed up. I was cast in one of the lead roles as Persephone, the goddess of spring who spends half her time in the Underworld with her husband, Hades, and when she returns to the world for the rest of the year, everything blooms.

The festival was to commemorate the start of spring and Persephone's mythological reemergence, which meant it was all about fertility and awakenings. After I'd been cast, I learned it was wildly popular because the director tried to push the boundaries and recreate the real atmosphere of a pagan ritual. I had no idea just how far I would end up pushing my own boundaries.

The guy who was cast as Hades was so hot it was distracting. We'd flirted through the rehearsal period, but neither of us had made a move when the night of the festival arrived.

**WE WERE SUPPOSED TO SIMULATE FOREPLAY BETWEEN THE GODS, BUT INSTEAD OF PRETENDING TO GRIND HIS BODY AGAINST MINE, HE REALLY DID.**

The whole time we'd been practicing, I'd worn shorts or sweatpants and I don't think either of us had thought about how different things would be in full costume… or, more precisely, lack of costume. I was as close to naked as I could legally be in public, wearing a tiny thong and pasties, with swirls of body paint across the rest of my bare skin. He wore a loincloth and a massive fur cloak with his face a painted mask of dark swirls. He looked primordial and menacing…and I was more into it than I should have been. From the way his eyes raked over my nakedness, he was feeling the same way.

The performance began and there were thousands of people gathered around a hill to watch. I'd been self-conscious walking around with my breasts bouncing and my ass bare, but was less worried about it now that I could feel Derek's skin pressed against mine each time we made contact in the early parts of the show.

When we reached the point in the ritual where I was supposed to climb onto his shoulders, my bare pussy was basically grinding against the back of his neck and the awareness of that contact drove me wild. All around us, the revelry swirled, with the eyes of the crowd watching us from the darkness, but there in the firelight it felt like we were under a spell. The drums pounded an ancient rhythm and my heart seemed to beat faster along with them.

The performance was choreographed so that I would stand atop his shoulders while he held me up and presented his wife to the world. Then he would take Persephone one last time before waiting six lonely months for her to return. Our director had made us picture how you would fuck your lover if you knew you wouldn't see them again for half a year, and I'd gotten off many times to that mental image.

When Derek held me aloft, I could feel his thick fingers brushing my pussy as he balanced me, and I knew he would be able to feel the slick heat where he was just barely penetrating with his fingertips. He shifted his hands a little like he was trying to move them to a more appropriate spot, which made me lose my balance and he had to quickly correct course to stop me from falling. I gasped as two of his fingers slid deeper inside me. He wasn't supposed to lower me down yet, but he was obviously worried about the fact he was all but finger-fucking me in front of a crowd and he dropped me down into his arms.

The desperate lust in his expression mirrored my own. I looked at him pleadingly and said, "Take me, my lord Hades. Please really fuck me."

His eyes flared, and he laid me down on an altar of furs exactly like we'd rehearsed. We were supposed to simulate foreplay between the gods, but instead of pretending to grind his body against mine, he really did. I could feel how hard he was when he pressed himself between my legs. A few scraps of fabric were all that was separating us and it was torture.

I rolled my hips and tried to work the head of his cock around the edge of my panties, but he growled and pinched one of my nipples, which only made me want him more.

"It's not time yet, Persephone, my greedy girl. We can't get ahead of the ritual, can we?"

He slid a hand between us, easing his fingers under my thong and stroking them up and down before he thrust two of them inside me again. When he started rubbing his thumb against my clit, I moaned loudly. No one but he would be able to hear the noises I was making over the sound of the drums and the roar of the fire.

As he continued to subtly push me closer and closer to coming, I thrashed my head back and forth, mesmerized by the fire dancers

PHOTO: MIAMI BEACH FOREVER / SHUTTERSTOCK

swirling all around us. Their movements were intended to distract the crowd so they didn't notice we were just simulating sex, and now I could only hope they distracted the crowd from the fact we weren't.

When the drums reached their crescendo, Derek flipped me onto all fours and swung his cloak around to cover where our bodies met. In one long, powerful thrust, he sunk himself deep inside me and I practically screamed at the bliss of having my pussy filled.

Without pausing, he started to pound into me to the beat of the drums. I knew people were watching us and might suspect we weren't pretending, but I was past caring. His hips slammed against my ass as his fingertips pressed into my hips, pulling me back against him so he could fuck me even harder.

I whimpered when I finally came, gripping the furs beneath me and bracing myself as Derek filled me completely and came, too. I would worry about being irresponsible and whether people knew we'd really fucked later. In that moment, I let myself simply be Persephone submitting to her king of darkness one more time before she had to return to the light.

*Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of "The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon."*

PHOTO: VGSTUDIO / SHUTTERSTOCK

# Rainy Rendezvous

*THE mist had started to turn to actual rain just as my girlfriend and I rounded a bend to the top part of the trail.*

*"This is going to be a mud fest," I said, pulling up the hood of my light jacket.*

*"Don't be a spoilsport," Gina replied, striding ahead of me. Her leggings showed off her shapely ass—I couldn't keep my eyes off it as I trudged behind her. Fit and athletic, she also had long, beautiful legs. Watching her move took some of the grayness out of the day.*

A bit higher up the trail, Gina turned to look at me over her shoulder.

"If it really starts to come down, we can find a spot to get out of the rain."

Well, all right. Things were looking up.

Since our campsite tent was right next to our friends Janet and Dan's, we hadn't had much alone time. But if it began bucketing down? We'd have to seek shelter, and that would give me a chance to convince Gina that it was a good time for an outdoor fuck.

My fingers were crossed.

We crested the hill, and Janet and Dan were still nowhere in sight. They'd obviously gone off somewhere, and that was fine with me, because Gina's leggings, soaked now, were clinging to her in all the right places–which was pretty much everywhere.

At this point the rain grew heavier. And that "soldier on" attitude of Gina's, which she'd been projecting in her body language and in her glances at me, began to dwindle.

"Beneath a tree won't do it," she muttered, her head partly turned my way.

Just then I spied an outcropping of rock with a decent-size indentation, no more than 20 feet off the trail. It looked wide enough for us both to fit, and deep enough to get us out of the rain. I grabbed Gina's hand and squeezed it.

"Right this way!"

We hustled to the cleft in the rock and stepped into it.

"Just in time," Gina said of our hilltop nook.

I turned to kiss her and she surprised me by kissing me back with a lot of passion and a lot of tongue.

"Is that my reward for saving us from the storm?" I asked.

She gave me a look, then kissed me again and said, "It's been pretty communal back at the campsite. I was ready for a break anyway. And I like the sound of this rain."

"Dan and Janet are probably hanging out in their own nook," I said.

By now my hands were cupping Gina's breasts, her wet shirt showing off their round fullness. I gently squeezed them and pinched her pert nipples through the fabric, making her moan.

Meanwhile, Gina's seeking hand had traveled down to the front of my hiking pants and she was stroking my cock, bringing it to life.

"Wanna get these pants out of the way?" she murmured.

I did, obviously. I unbuckled my belt and let my pants slide down around my boots, before grabbing my cock and giving it a few strokes.

Gina turned away from me. My arousal spiked. I knew what that pivot meant. It meant she wanted to be fucked from behind. There was just enough room to make it work.

Wriggling and bouncing, Gina worked her wet leggings down her legs, where they bunched around her calves. I pushed her panties down and pressed my erection into her.

My cock rode the cleft of her ass and she pushed back against me, her skin warm and satin smooth. With her hands braced against the rock, she arched her back a little, presenting me with that amazing heart-shaped booty.

"Do it," she said. "Fuck me."

My dick got even harder. Briefly, I crouched down and delivered a love nip to one of her ass cheeks. She clenched her buns, yelped, and then giggled. I gave another nip to the other cheek just to watch her dance. By now, though, Gina was ready to end the games.

"Come on," she said. "I want your cock."

I widened her legs with my hands, pushed my fingers into her soaking pussy, and slid them in and out slowly. Gina began panting.

The rain beat rhythmically into the

*Gina angled back, and I took one last look at her gorgeous ass before pushing my cock deep inside her slick pussy.*

ground, a hypnotic sound in our rock shelter. With a soft moan, Gina tilted her ass at an even sexier angle, and her pussy grew even wetter. I put my mouth to the back of her neck and gently sucked, something that always drove her wild.

Gina moaned, briefly rose up on tiptoes, and whispered in a pleading tone, "Please. Fuck me. Now."

I grabbed her hips. Gina angled back, and I took one last look at her gorgeous ass before pushing my cock deep inside her slick pussy.

She sighed deeply, and wiggled her hips in pleasure. In the confined space, our breathing was amplified. Just outside the nook, the downpour was pounding away at the hilltop. There was a fragrance of wet pine trees and other woodsy smells.

Gina clenched her pussy around my cock, and a buzz went through my whole body. We were moving together in a rhythm now. God, she felt good. This was well worth waiting for. The muddy trail was forgotten, along with the damp hiking clothes and unexpectedly chilly May weather. Right now it was just us in our hideaway, surrounded by forest.

And then, for a time, I wasn't thinking about anything at all, and lost all sense of where we were.

Gina's pussy and the way her ass was moving, grinding, had me reeling, on the edge. My teeth started gnawing at my lower lip the way they did when I was about to come. Which was when I heard a male voice coming from the trail. I knew that voice. Dan. He was talking loudly, probably so Janet could hear him over the rain.

"Damnit," I said. "It's them."

Gina, her hips still bucking, turned her head to look at me over her shoulder. Her face was flushed, her lips puffed, her blue eyes blissed-out. I could tell she was about to come, too.

"Keep going," she hissed, her ass in motion. "They won't see us. God, you feel good...."

I honestly didn't care if they did see us. At this point I was focused on one thing and one thing only: fucking Gina until I exploded. I was ready to burst, and so was she.

I never looked toward the trail again. I didn't hear Dan's voice after that first time. And I didn't hear Janet's. That brief spike of worry about getting caught in the act only seemed to add to our rush.

I sunk my fingers into Gina's hips, fucking her as hard and as fast as I could. Her pussy gripped me tight. She kept slamming her body back to meet my thrusting dick. I saw her hand slip down to her clit. She moaned softly and the sound echoed off the rock.

Suddenly, Gina's pussy rippled and flexed around me. I held tight to her hips and thrust even harder. My eyes were pressed shut, and I was biting my lower lip again.

"Fuckkkkkkkk, babe," I groaned, out of my mind with pleasure.

"Do it," Gina whispered huskily. "Come in me, Michael."

That's when I lost it, my dick shooting hot jizz deep into Gina's pussy. With my cock thrust all the way inside, I rode out a head-spinning orgasm, my hands gripping Gina's hips for steadiness. My legs briefly sagged. I tried to stifle a moan but failed.

Time drifted. Rain fell hard through the fragrant pines. At last our panting eased, we separated, and we straightened up. At this point I looked over toward the trail again.

Empty. If Dan and Janet had seen us, they'd moved on.

Roughly 40 minutes later, we arrived back at the tents. The rain had ended and the sun was out. Dan and Janet were sitting in their camp chairs eating lunch. Naturally, Gina and I felt a little bit sheepish.

"Hey, guys," I said to our friends.

They greeted us as normal as could be, no wink-winks or any other sign that they'd caught a glimpse of us doing it doggie-style in a hilltop nook during a rainstorm.

"Were you guys all right in the rain?" Dan asked.

Gina and I exchanged a look, and we nodded.

"Yup," I said. "No problem."

"We thought about making a shelter with pine boughs or something," Janet said. "For the adventure, and since we didn't know how long the rain was going to last. But in the end we just pulled up our hoods, zipped up, and kept going. Made the best of it."

"We got lucky," I said, trying not to grin. "There was a rock overhang with a space underneath, just big enough for the two of us. It was pretty cozy up there, actually."

For a brief moment, it seemed like Dan and Janet gave us a look, but it quickly passed.

"For a while there it was really coming down, wasn't it?" Dan said.

"Yup," Gina agreed. "It was really pounding."

She gave me a look, her blue eyes twinkling, then added, "We made the best of it, too."

***—Michael E., Eugene, Oregon***

PHOTO: LYASHENKO EGOR / SHUTTERSTOCK

# Private Workout

*I FINALLY did it. I got it on with my personal trainer.*

*We'd always been flirty—making suggestive comments and letting our eyes linger just a little too long when looking at one another, but neither of us had ever crossed a line. Until yesterday, that is.*

*We were set up in a private studio, so we weren't visible to the rest of the gym. I was finishing a set of squats when Kevin decided that we should switch things up.*

*"Get on the floor," he said, nodding down toward the mat. "Time for a reclined hamstring stretch."* →

Kevin kneeled by my feet. His thumb brushed over the sensitive skin on my ankle, making me tingle as he curled his fingers around it.

Slowly, he lifted my leg, pushing it back until my sneaker was nearly alongside my head. He used the full weight of his body to help me stretch my hamstring, brushing his crotch against mine at the same time.

I knew that my ass needed to stay on the floor to finish the stretch, but I couldn't help myself–I gyrated my hips against him, creating the friction that my body craved.

A knowing smile lifted the corners of Kevin's lips. He rolled his hips against mine in response, pushing me down hard against the floor. Then he did it again, rocking his body so that his erection passed over my clit with every thrust.

Kevin hooked one thick, callused finger into the waistband of my pants.

"Can I take these off?" he asked.

"God, yes," I groaned.

He sat back on his heels, allowing my leg to drop. After unlacing my sneakers and slipping them from my feet, he grabbed hold of my workout pants and pulled them off in one smooth motion. Now only my thong and sports bra remained.

Kevin skimmed his hands up the side of my thighs. His fingertips caught the elastic band of my thong and gave it a snap.

"I've always wondered what you were hiding under those pants," he said.

He bent his head and planted a kiss smack in the center of the little triangle of fabric that covered my mound.

"Too bad I have to take it off."

Kevin's teeth grazed my skin when he took the edge of the fabric into his mouth. He tugged at the material, pausing to nuzzle my clit as he pulled my thong down.

"You smell amazing," he drawled as he settled himself in between my legs again. "I bet you taste even better."

His head dipped and he trailed the tip of his tongue around my clit. I expected him to linger there for a while, but Kevin is always full of surprises.

After he circled the pulsing little bundle of nerves, he journeyed down the length of my slit to my ass. He worked his tongue in between my cheeks and tapped against my asshole. He wiggled against the puckered skin, then he made his way back to my pussy and dove in between my folds.

"Oh, fuck!" I said loudly.

Kevin lapped at my slit, licking up all the moisture that had collected there.

> ***My fingers flexed against the mat. The man was gifted. He was driving me wild without even touching my clit. And then...he went there.***

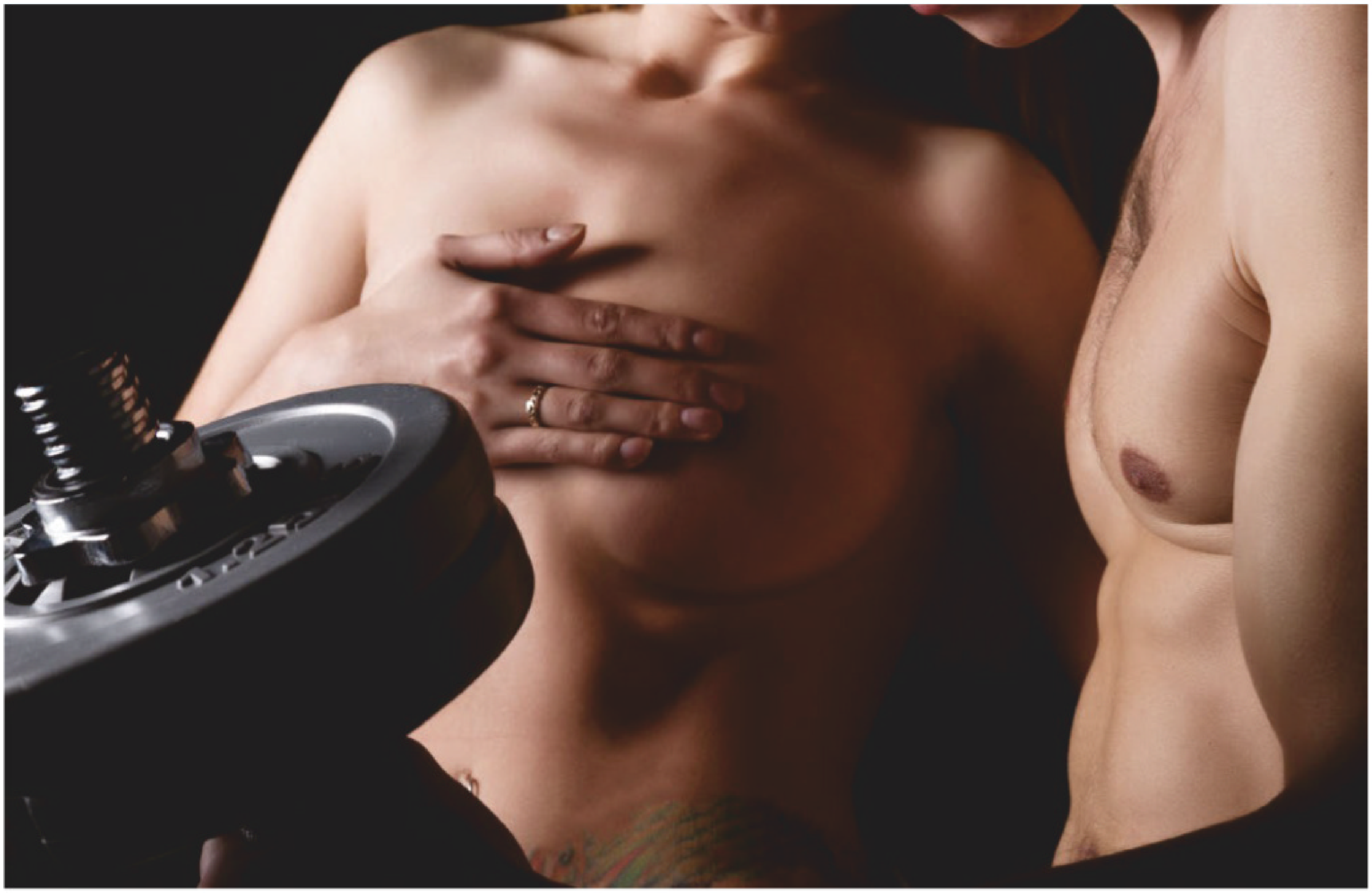
Once he'd had his fill, he plunged his tongue deep into my pussy hole. His lips sealed around me, pushing his tongue even deeper inside. He worked his jaw back and forth, using his mouth and chin to thoroughly massage my cunt.

My fingers flexed against the mat. The man was gifted. He was driving me wild without even touching my clit. And then...he went there. He pressed his thumb against my clit, rocking it from side to side, stimulating the sensitive bud until I saw stars.

"Yes," I kept moaning.

My hips bucked, lifting my ass off the rubber mat. My body demanded to be closer to the man attending to my pleasure.

As I reached my peak, Kevin pulled back the tiniest bit, expertly calibrating the pressure that had sent me to the



edge and over. The result was an impossibly long orgasm that rippled over me, slowly dragging me under.

When the last of my tremors subsided, Kevin lifted his head from between my legs. His confident grin confirmed that he was proud of how he'd made me feel.

"You taste delicious," he purred.

He placed his hands on the mat on either side of my torso, caging me in, then crawled up my body, bringing his lips within a hair's breadth of my own.

His sweet, musky breath fanned over my face as he whispered, "Do you ever lick your fingers after you make yourself come, Kara?"

I nodded, too afraid of what my sated voice might sound like if I spoke.

"And do you like the taste?"

"Y-yes," I stammered.

"Good. Let's see if you taste different mixed with me."

And then he kissed me.

It started gentle, his lips brushing delicately against my own. Then he slipped his tongue into my mouth and our sweet kiss evolved into a rollicking make-out session. Our hands were everywhere, desperately trying to map one another's tight, sculpted physiques.

Kevin reached between us and pulled down his shorts. He broke the kiss to get up on his knees, giving me an eyeful of what he'd been hiding under his gym clothes all these years.

His eyes connected with mine as he absently stroked his erection. His strong, thick fingers weren't quite long enough to completely close around his girth.

The steady pulse in my pussy started to pick up its pace. I wiggled on the mat again, struggling to keep my composure as I impatiently waited for Kevin to fuck me.

Finally, he lowered his body onto mine again. One strong arm supported his weight while the other slipped back between us, this time to direct his dick into my pussy. The thick, flared head pressed against me, parting my soaking wet folds.

Never one to wait patiently, I tilted my hips up and pushed until my pussy had swallowed every last inch of Kevin's dick. The flat front of his pelvis pressed against my folds, adding another layer of sensation every time he rolled his hips against mine.

Kevin always told me that a strong core was the key to stamina, and the way he fucked certainly proved that theory. The man had endless energy, and he directed all of it to make me feel fucking amazing.

I wrapped my legs around Kevin's trim waist and locked my ankles at his back, pulling myself up to match him thrust for thrust. It was the best workout we'd ever had together, and I wasn't ready for it to end.

When we were both seconds from explosion, Kevin reached between us one last time and placed his thumb on my clit. All it took was the tiniest bit of pressure for me to come with a scream.

Kevin followed me over the edge. Hot come pumped into my pussy, filling me to the brim, serving as my reminder that Kevin had claimed me.

As we put our clothes back on, we looked around to make sure no one had heard us. Thankfully, the music in the main gym was loud enough to cover the sounds of our lovemaking.

"Let's take this workout back to my place," Kevin said with a smile.

And that's exactly what we did.

***—Kara W., Phoenix, Arizona***

PHOTOS: ALEX CHEREPANOV; FAMILY TV / SHUTTERSTOCK

# Beach Balling

*THIS year for spring break, my best friend Jessica and I decided to splurge on a gorgeous suite with private beach access.*

*On our first night at the resort, we met two guys who were also traveling together. Though that night passed with just some heavy flirting, when we met Jason and Will on the beach the following morning, Jessica and I were in agreement that we would bring them back to our suite as soon as possible.*

*After enjoying a few daiquiris, we all opted to take a break from the sun. Jessica coyly recommended our spacious, shaded patio, and of course, both men were happy to join.*

Jason and Will stopped at the bar to grab some drinks for all four of us, then we headed to the suite.

Wasting no time at all, Jessica slipped off her bathing suit as soon as we stepped onto the patio—no tan lines then, right?

Never one to be outdone, I followed her lead and tossed my own bikini somewhere back into the suite. Before long, the guys had shed their bathing suits, too.

As usual, Jessica took the lead. She climbed right onto Jason's lounge chair and straddled his hips, pressing her naked pussy directly against his dick.

That's when Will took my hand and led me to the sectional that sat in the corner. He laid me down on the cushions, then buried his head between my legs and ate me out like a champ. His lips, teeth, and tongue worked in tandem to drive me wild.

While I was busy getting off on Will's face, I could hear Jason's groans in the background. Occasionally, I also heard a muffled moan that I knew was Jessica's, making me think that she was blowing our new friend.

Still, I was much more focused on Will and his skillful tongue. He licked me from one hole to the other, over and

PHOTO: FAMILY TV / SHUTTERSTOCK

over again, placing all of my nerves on high alert. Then he added his fingers to the mix, and my body grew so hot that I thought I might burst into flames. It didn't matter that Will's attention was entirely focused on my ass and pussy, the pleasurable effects reverberated through my whole body.

***Will's erection pressed against my ass. He rocked his hips, making the shaft slip along my backside, parting my cheeks.***

When my first orgasm hit, my legs clamped tight around Will's head. His soft hair stroked my inner thighs, stimulating the thin, sensitive skin.

As I floated back to earth, I heard Jessica's sultry voice from behind Will.

"May we join you?"

"Please do," he replied.

Jessica and Jason climbed onto the sectional behind me and immediately started going at it. They settled so close to where I lay that when Jessica bounced in Jason's lap, I could feel her thigh brushing against my hair.

I was so distracted by them that I barely felt it when Will hooked his arm around my waist and pulled me up to a sitting position. Then he planted his lips on mine and initiated a hot, frenzied kiss.

"How do you feel about taking in the view while I fuck you?"

Thinking that Will was suggesting I face the beach, I nodded and scurried onto my knees.

Much to my surprise, he turned me to face Jessica and Jason instead. After that, he helped me up so that I was kneeling in front of him, then he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me hard against him.

Will's erection pressed against my ass. He rocked his hips, making the shaft slip along my backside, parting my cheeks. Now when he moved, his dick stroked my asshole. His hot, velvety skin slid against the puckered ring, sparking little pulses of pleasure that echoed in my pussy.

While Will was busy grinding against my backside, he skimmed his hand from my belly down to my pussy. First, he circled the tips of his fingers around my clit, massaging the button until my ass bucked against him. That's when he traveled even lower, easing his hand into the gap between my thighs, using his fingers to part my slit.

Will lingered with his fingers on my folds for a moment, then I felt the tip of his dick tap at my pussy. He used my juices to lube up his shaft.

Once he'd gotten himself nice and wet, he plunged balls-deep into my pussy. Even the slightest twitch of his dick made my inner walls ripple over him, gripping his shaft and pulling him in deeper.

I closed my eyes, intent to soak up all the sensations. Will's style was low and slow. His thrusts felt like a dance—a gentle tilt of his hips that slowly pushed my ass forward every single time he slipped back into my pussy. The ebb and flow of his movements set me up for a slow build to the finish.

Will kept me right on the edge. It was delicious—and about to get better.

Suddenly he drove his dick inside me so hard that my eyes flew open. When my vision came back into focus, I saw that Jason was fucking Jessica in the exact same position.

We were facing each other. Jessica's heavy breasts bounced up and down, rising and falling at a slightly different rate from the rest of her body. She was so close I could reach out and touch her…so I did.

Using a featherlight touch, I gently caressed Jessica from her tummy to her clit. Now her eyes were open, too. She reached out to me, pulling our bodies together to share a kiss while we got fucked.

Jessica and I had shared drunken kisses before, but nothing like this. We were so close that her breasts pressed against mine. Her nipples scraped across my own nipples, sending a jolt of pleasure to my pussy that made me moan.

Jessica's breaths were coming short and fast now, and I increased the pressure of my finger on her clit. She gripped my shoulders, digging her nails into the sensitive skin as she groaned against my mouth.

Something about the sounds of Jessica's orgasm pushed me toward my own. I closed my eyes, again surrendering to the waves that came crashing over me.

Jessica moved her hands from my shoulders to my tits. She rubbed her fingers over my nipples, alternately pinching and caressing them, increasing the intensity of my pleasure so that I came with a long, loud wail.

Then the sound of Will's ecstatic voice reached my ears.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned.

He pulled out of my pussy and quickly pushed me forward, shooting his warm jizz all over my ass.

After that, none of us moved for a long while, reveling in our blissed-out states. Eventually, we returned to our drinks and happily sipped, as if in celebration of what had just gone down.

Jessica and I spent the rest of our trip with Will and Jason, swapping off occasionally, and even brought others into the mix. Without a doubt, it was our best spring break yet!

***—Erika S., Albany, New York***

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# NAMASTE HOME IN BED

I HAD just ended a three-year relationship, so I thought it would be a good time to try a yoga class. Of course, I picked one filled with hot women in tight pants drinking out of eco-conscious water bottles. I was down, but I wasn't dead, so I stopped in on a class one night after work.

Inside the place, a group of attractive thirtysomethings was talking about some recent desert retreat and how much it had balanced them. They were all wearing T-shirts with slogans like "Namaste Till I Die" or "Spiritual Assassin."

I was in the middle of deciding my balance would be to achieve enough zen to accept people who broadcast their Eastern spirituality via T-shirt when the instructor, Morgan, walked in.

She was incredible: honey blonde hair with a stomach so flat it looked like her yoga pants were somehow baggy. When she bent over—perfectly, at the waist, like a diver jackknifing into a pool—I thought her ass might have driven a dagger into me.

Morgan put on a Brian Eno CD, lit a stick of incense, and said something to someone up front in what I assumed was Sanskrit.

At her instruction, people began flowing into poses, arms and legs arranging themselves in impossible-to-hold configurations. At one point, Morgan came over and adjusted my posture, her hand grazing the front of my shorts. Surely an accident! It distracted me so much I could barely focus on the poses.

By the end of class, I was sweaty, achy, and starting to rethink some of my life choices when Morgan appeared in front of me.

"First time?"

"No, I just like to pretend I suck so everyone else feels more comfortable."

Morgan's green eyes twinkled as she smirked.

"Very noble of you," she said. "You must have the yogi's spirit. If you have a second, I can teach you a few things that might help."

After the last woman left, Morgan locked the door and turned off the lights in the front entrance.

Inside the studio, I tried to arrange myself in a way that looked casually attentive, which is hard to do in a big empty room fragrant with fading vegan farts, perspiration, and incense.

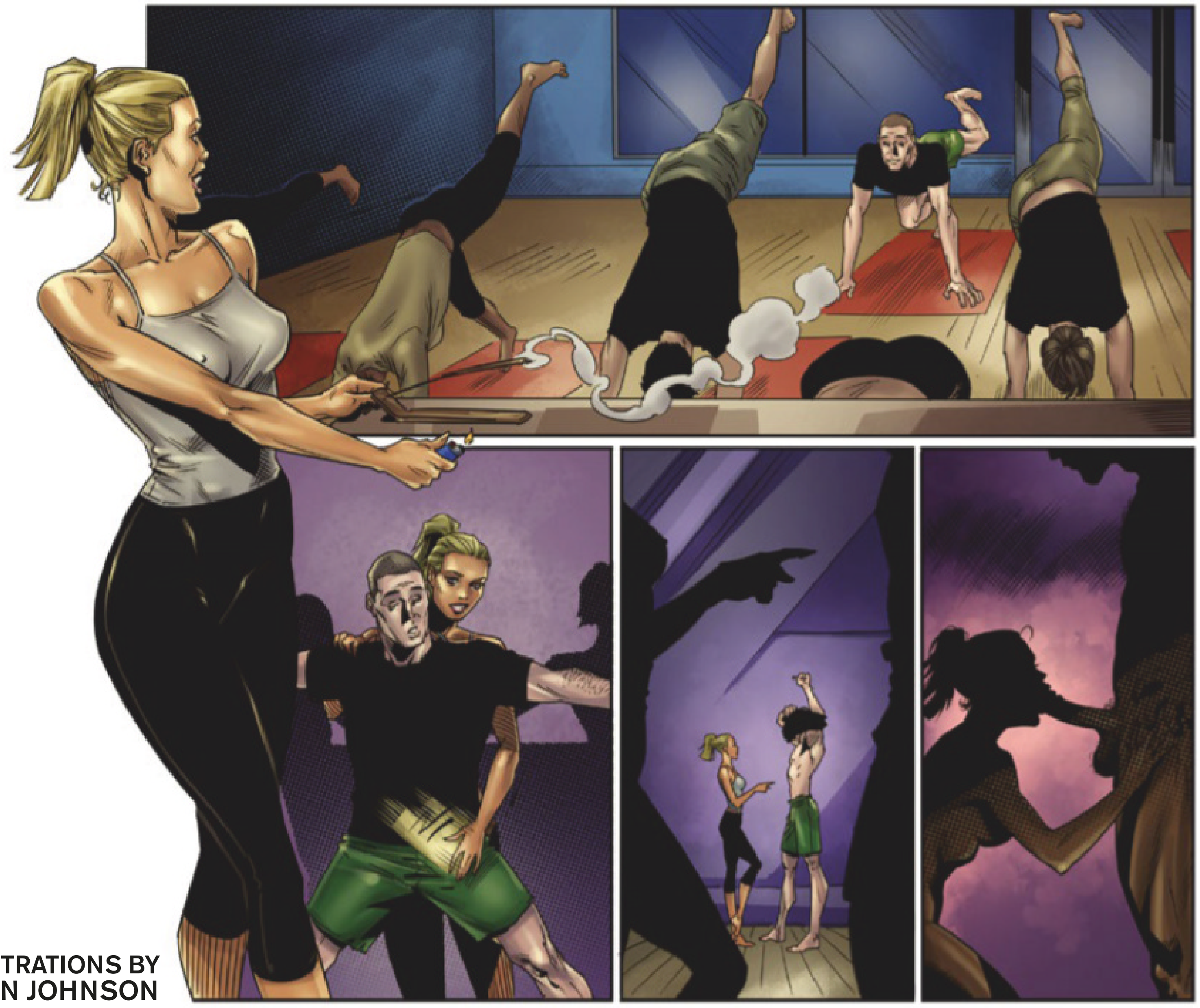
"Ready?" she asked as she came back in, closing the door behind her. It was just me, her, and a mirror.

"Ready," I said. I was not ready.

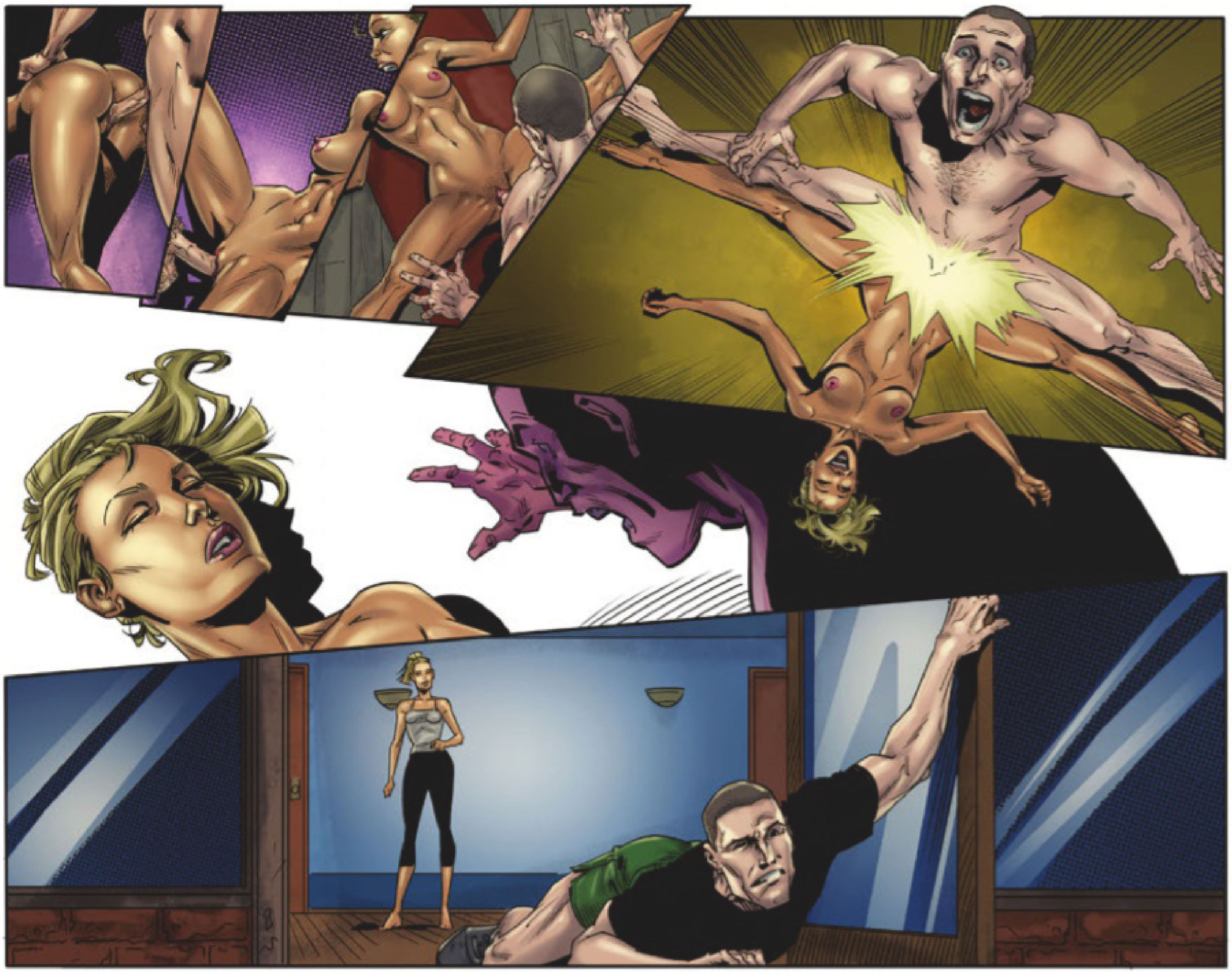
"Take your shirt off," she said.

I hesitated—it had been a few weeks since I'd gone to the gym.

"Oh, come on," she said. "Will this make you more comfortable?"



**ILLUSTRATIONS BY**
**JASON JOHNSON**



And just like that she removed her tank top.

Morgan's tits were perfect—firm and perky with pink nipples. I was inspired to take my shirt off, revealing my hirsute dad bod.

We both stared at each other, side by side in the mirror.

"I get so tired of these yoga guys," she said, smiling at me. "Sometimes a girl needs...not a yoga guy."

"Happy to be...not a yoga guy," I said.

I was fully tenting my shorts at this point. Then Morgan took off her yoga pants, revealing the rest of her perfect body and a tiny blonde landing strip.

"I'm going to help you become more flexible," she said. "This will help me, too. I think of it as a form of meditation."

Morgan knelt in front of me, pulled down my shorts, and took me into her mouth. It was all I could do not to come right there.

Then suddenly, she stopped sucking and stood, bending over at the waist again, and I entered her from behind. Her ass looked like a perfect heart, and as I fucked her, she explained how anyone could do yoga—all it took was relaxation and concentration.

We went through a litany of positions; it was as though she knew exactly when to switch to keep me going. Throughout it all, I started to feel as though I was getting looser, more confident.

Then she laid flat on her back and did a perfect split. I was about to climb on top of her when she put up her hand to stop me.

"No, I want you to do the split, too," she said. "Then I will come like crazy. If you climb on top of me like I'm some kind of boulder, this is the last time this will ever happen."

It definitely needed to happen again, so I began laboriously to split my legs, slowly inching my feet apart.

"Stop trying," she said. "Just do it."

I guess we had been sweating on the floor, because just then my right foot hit a slick patch and went out from under me. I heard something pop, and I landed perfectly on top of her waiting pussy.

Morgan cried out and writhed in some kind of orgasmic convulsion. Meanwhile, I held my groin and moaned in pain.

Now she rested perfectly still on the floor. I suddenly got worried I'd crushed her to death. A searing pain shot through my crotch.

"I think I need to go to the hospital," I groaned.

At this point, walking didn't seem possible, so I belly-crawled over to my shorts and pulled them on. I was trying to figure out how I was going to resolve this situation in a way that just involved the hospital and not a jail cell.

Morgan was still lying on the floor with her eyes closed. I finally decided I was going to crab-walk to my car, dragging her body with me. I got a grip on both of her limp arms when she came to.

"Oh…" she said, giving me a look of distaste. "I'm not a cuddler."

"I thought you—"

"Listen," she said, standing and gliding away on the balls of her feet before melting back into her clothes. "You seem like a nice guy, but I'm not looking for anything serious."

"What?" I said. "I thought you were dead!"

"I was just experiencing radical chakra realignment," she said.

I was in such shock and pain all I could do was stammer.

"Anyway, it's time for you to go." She stood over me and watched as I slowly stood up, then staggered outside.

"I'm really sorry," she said as she closed the door behind me.

The nurse at the ER nodded when I said it was a yoga injury.

"Recently single," she noted, looking at my chart. "We see a major spike in single men with this exact injury around the new year. You'll be on crutches for a few weeks, but you'll live."

***—J.R., Flagstaff, Arizona***

# EARL MILLER

Earl Miller is *Penthouse* magazine's most published photographer. Since his debut spread in our June 1974 issue, Miller's inimitable style of erotic, cutting-edge nudes has blown our readers away and kept them coming back for more. Like the work of Bob Guccione, Miller's photography represents some of the most iconic, spectacular art in the history of men's magazines.

***Miller remembers his 1977 shoot with Penthouse Pet Lynn Donahue:***

"As an erotic photographer, you have to allow the essence of a model to touch your sense of fantasy, but at the same time you have to channel your libido from just another horny guy to an erotic artist. This is when the female model's magic will enter your camera and translate to film. This is when you get images that can move people.

"I did this layout in early 1977, just three or four years into my long career with *Penthouse*. This shoot with Lynn Donahue really was a milestone in my career as an erotic photographer, because she helped me realize what an aphrodisiac innocence and vulnerability can be.

"At the end of the day, every girl has unique magic in her, and it's the photographer's job to discover it. This is the only way to present each model—as the individual she is, and not use a cookie-cutter approach of cliché poses and fake expressions.

"Lynn Donahue's special gift is her innate innocence. (Thank you, Lynn, wherever you are now, for giving me the opportunity to discover that!) Lynn has such a soft, sweet beauty that makes you want to protect her, rather than lust after her. With that virginal body and natural, perky breasts, she was a joy to photograph at any angle. But the magic really was in her face. That face could wobble your knees and stiffen your cock with one tiny smile. Lynn inspired such deep emotions of love and affection that actually end up kicking the male-

lust lever into high gear.

"During this shoot, my photography career was in its infancy, so I always shot with available light. The ideal location had great windows. Available sunlight has a nice feel to it, but it's very limiting compared with studio lights. Studio strobes allow you to put an edge light on a model that gives her image a three-dimensional look, while all-natural light images have a flat, one-dimensional look. Strobes also allow you to put an accent light on anyone and anything in your frame, plus they give you complete control of the light in any location, inside or outside.

"It wasn't long after the Lynn Donahue shoot that I taught myself how to use studio strobes. It was a game changer for me. In the beginning, studio lights intimidated me, but it didn't take long before I learned the ropes and they became essential to my toolbox. But for this shoot, natural light suited Lynn's amateur feel.

"It's easy to notice the lack of sophistication in the styling of this shoot. There's a down-to-earth simplicity in all the areas of styling, location, wardrobe, hair and makeup, and even the poses. There was nothing glamorous or high tech. These were absolutely the right choices for Lynn, but how did I know that?

"I made a conscious choice with my first *Penthouse* shoots to scout all the locations and handle the styling myself. I would actually spend an entire day before a shoot shopping for wardrobe with the model. It gave me wonderful discovery hours getting to know her personality, her likes and dislikes, her favorite music and movies, her romantic life, and so on. It was kind of like a first date before our big bang. It gave the model the opportunity to get to know and trust me before our shoot. That trust would allow her to be vulnerable, natural, and confident, while nude in front of me and my camera, and ultimately the world.

"Here you have the creation of a living girl on a printed page. Shy, sweet, vulnerable, and innocently sexy: Lynn Donahue. Enjoy!"

*Find more at earlmiller.com*

# MOOD STABILIZERS

*Depending on where you are in the country, you might be enjoying blissful spring warmth or lingering late-winter. Whatever the weather, it's always a good idea, when indoors, to take off your clothes and get busy. The following products will help you in your mission, should you choose to accept it.*

BY WILLIAM LEE

dosist
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## DOSIST PASSION VAPE PEN

Early twentieth-century anti-"marihuana" propaganda threatened its potential users with a depraved lifestyle of sex and violence after a single toke. But that was then, and this is now. Get stoned, peace out, and fuck, is what we're trying to say. This petite vape pen, with its 11:1 THC to CBD formula designed for an intense body high, will help get you there. **dosist.com / $30**

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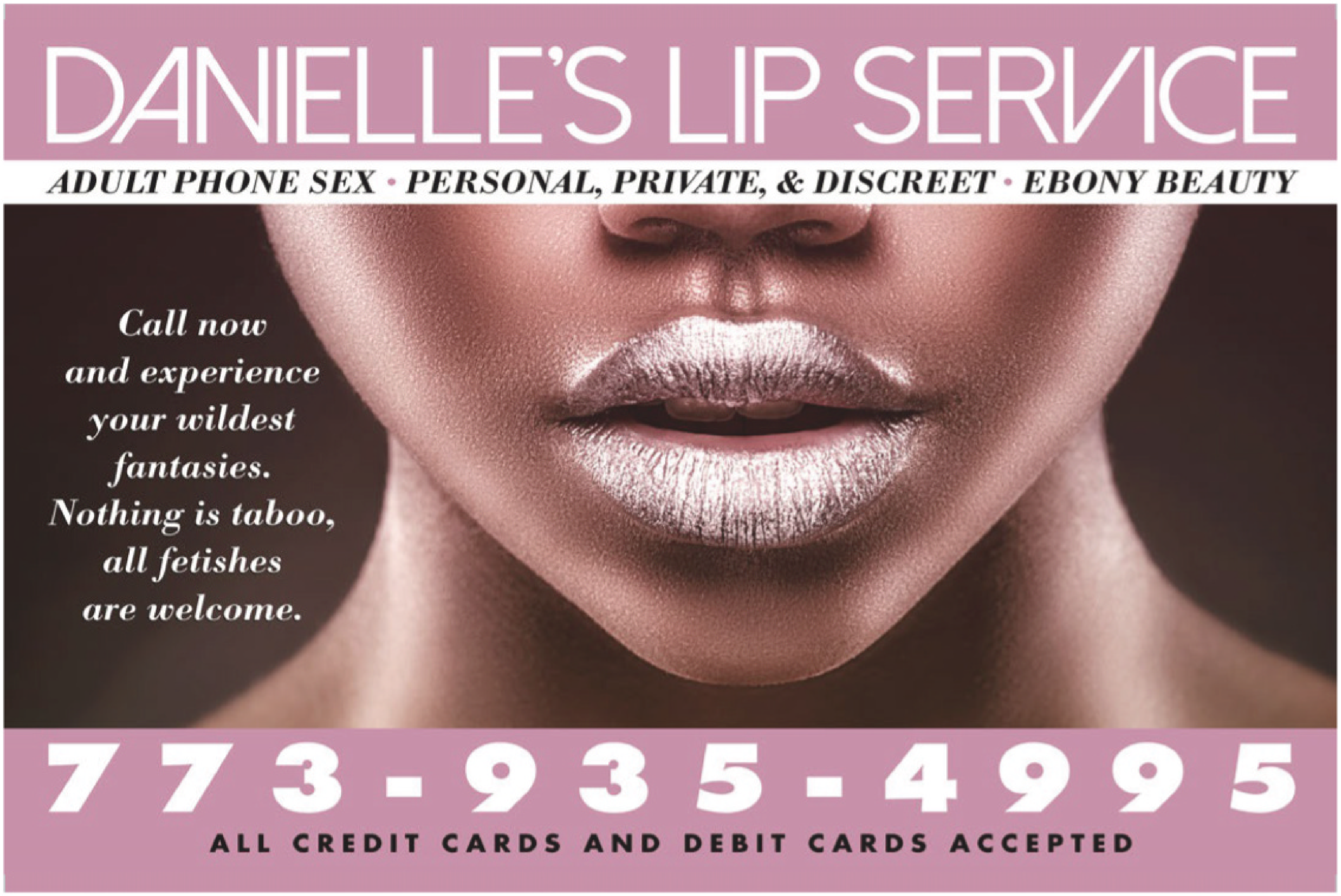
## JACK KNOB POLISH

What if you wanted all the pleasure of being stoned, but didn't want it to extend beyond the crotch area? After all, some of us have to work in the morning and can't spend all night getting high and getting down. Well, look no further. The CBD in this water-based lube helps promote blood flow to your junk, which means a longer-lasting, more intense erection, but without the mind fuckage. Say no more, right? **cbdcaring.com / $12-$24**

### INTIMATE ART KIT

One of my exes had this folded-up canvas in her closet that was covered in blue splotches. When I asked about it, she said she'd gotten naked, rolled around in blue paint, then rolled around on this canvas as part of some yoga cult she'd once been involved in. The premise here is similar, but you don't have to go to India, you don't have to join a yoga cult, and you can put the results up on a wall and make your dinner guests eat under your sex art.
**uncommongoods.com / $60**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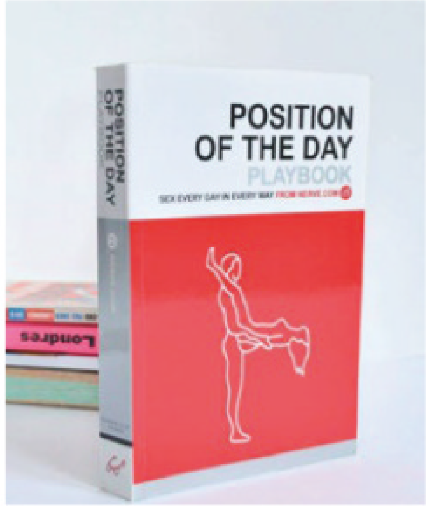
POSITION OF THE DAY PLAYBOOK
SEX EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY FROM NERVE.COM

### POSITION OF THE DAY PLAYBOOK

Everyone could use a little help keeping the party going. While some of the 366 positions in this illustrated guide look like they could injure the less flexible among us, most are likely to result in the kind of mind-blowingly athletic sex you've been dreaming about since you were a horny teenager reading this magazine.

**urbanoutfitters.com / $13**

### CANNAMOJO

This cannabis-infused male-enhancement pill proposes to get you deliciously high and hard AF. "Full-throttle pleasure for you and your partner," it predicts. Even if you don't need help with your boner, the 10mg of weed in each pill will give you a relaxed, anxiety-free buzz, while increasing desire and sensitivity, and intensifying your orgasm. What's not to like?

**cannamojo710.com / $10 a dose**

CANNA MOJO
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### NEW INDULGENCE HOTEL KITS

One of the best things you can do for your sex life is rent a sweet hotel room and go to town on each other like you're conducting a torrid affair on the Amalfi Coast. These kits—which include condoms, lube, and other sensual accoutrement—are perfect for that kind of getaway, or even just for bringing the hotel back to your bedroom.

**newindulgence.com / $42-$45**

### EYE OF LOVE PHEROMONE COLOGNE

Featuring a blend of lemongrass, mint, and sandalwood, this cologne is designed to accentuate your pheromones (the sex chemicals your body excretes), thereby getting whoever is lucky enough to sit near you all hot and bothered. It's basically going to turbocharge your attractiveness without you having to do all the hard work of going to the gym.

**eyeoflove.com / $54**

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SHAPE

**$49,95 Pro 2**

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This vibrator has given me approximately 1.000 orgasms.
**BuzzFeed** (06/19)

Sweet baby Jesus, I'm never leaving my flat again. It felt like nothing I have ever experienced on this earthly plane, SRSLY.
**COSMOPOLITAN** (05/17)

It sucks on your clit like a real mouth, so it's perfect for anyone who can't get enough of the sensation of oral sex.
**BUSTLE** (10/19)

It's almost too good.
**GLAMOUR** (09/19)

Imagine this: a guy licking you, only more intense.
**COSMOPOLITAN** (12/16)

Get ready for your life to change.
**SHAPE** (02/17)

This extra-powerful sex toy is almost too good – and it's on sale.
**GLAMOUR** (03/19)

The first time I used the device, I was speechless. It was one of the most intense orgasms I had ever had in my life. I tried it again the next morning. And the same thing happened.
**BuzzFeed** (6/19)

Gender-neutral sex toy that anyone can play with.
**REFINERY29** (10/19)

Brings you to orgasm in record time.
**GLAMOUR** (12/16)

I've always wondered whether multiple orgasms were a myth. But when I first tried the Satisfyer Pro 2, I was able to have three orgasms in one night.
**GLAMOUR** (03/2019)

Best, Touch-Less-Vibrator – this vibrator is a hero.
**marie claire** (06/19)

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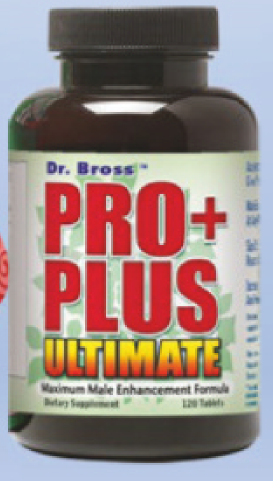

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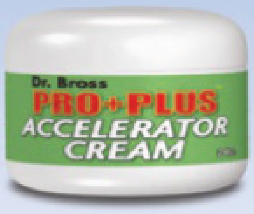

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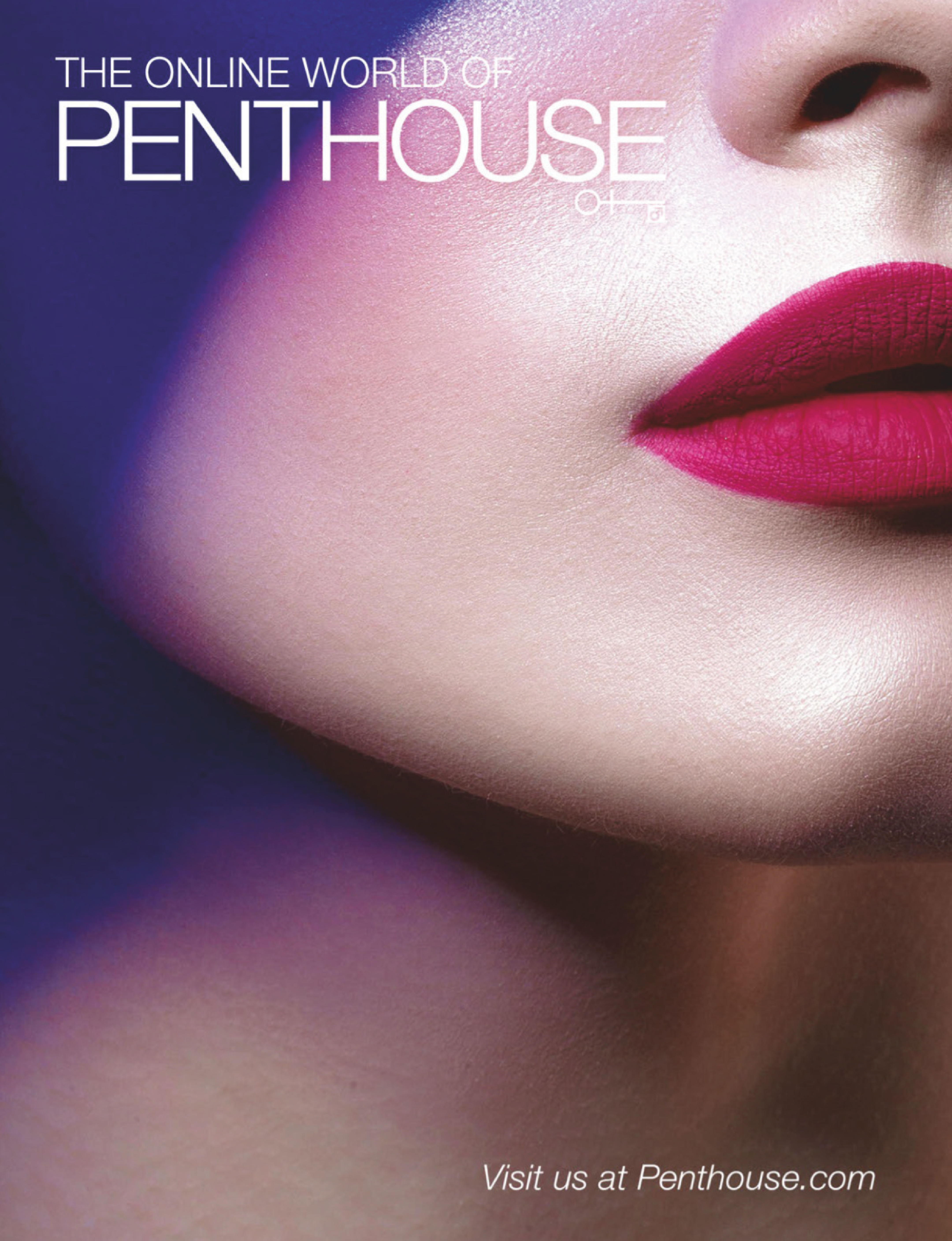
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